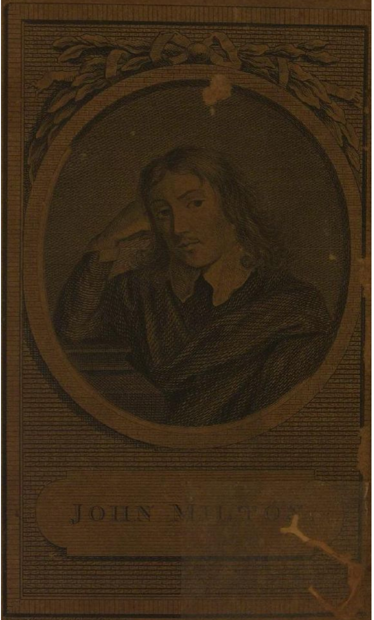

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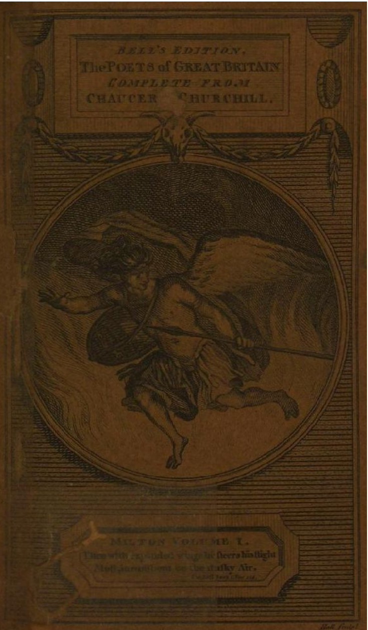

Strand London Novr. 20th. 1777

THE
POETICAL WORKS
OF
JOHN MILTON.

FROM THE TEXT OF DR. NEWTON.

IN FOUR VOLUMES.

WITH THE LIFE OF THE AUTHOR.

AND A CRITIQUE ON PARADISE LOST,
BY JOSEPH ADDISON, ESQ.

Three poets, in three diſtant ages born,
Greece, Italy, and England, did adorn.
The firſt in loftineſs of thought ſurpaſt;
The next in majeſty; in both the laſt.
The force of Nature could no further go:
To make a third ſhe join'd the former two.

DRYDEN.

VOL. I.

EDINBURG:
AT THE Apollo Preſs, BY THE MARTINS.
Anno 1779.

PARADISE LOST.

A POEM IN TWELVE BOOKS.

THE AUTHOR

JOHN MILTON.

FROM

THE TEXT OF DR. NEWTON.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

Milton----with high and haughty ftalks,
Unfetter'd, in majeftic numbers walks:
No vulgar hero can his Mufe engage,
Nor earth's wide fcene confine his hallow'd rage.
See! fee! he upward fprings, and, tow'ring high,
Spurns the dull province of mortality;
Shakes Heav'n's eternal throne with dire alarms,
And fets th' almighty Thunderer in arms!

ADDISON.

VOL. I.

EDINBURG:
AT THE Apollo Prefs, BY THE MARTINS,
Anno 1779.

JOHN MILTON.

FROM a family and town of his name in Oxfordshire our Author derived his descent; but he was born at London in the year 1608. The publisher [*] of his Works in prose (on whose veracity some part of this Narrative must entirely depend) dates his birth two years earlier than this; but, contradicting himself afterwards in his own computation, I reduce it to the time that Monsieur Bayle hath assigned, and for the same reason which prevailed with him to assign it. His father, John Milton, by profession a scrivener, lived in a reputable manner, on a competent estate entirely his own acquisition; having been early disinherited by his parents for renouncing the communion of the Church of Rome, to which they were zealously devoted. By his wife, Sarah Caston, he had likewise one daughter, named Anna, and another son, Christopher, whom he trained to the practice of the Common law; who in the Great Rebellion adhered to the Royal cause; and in the reign of King James II. by too easy a compliance with the doctrines of the Court, both religious and civil, he attained to the dignity of being made a judge of the Common Pleas; of which he died divested not long after the Revolution.

* Mr. Toland.

But John, the ſubject of the preſent Eſſay, was the favourite of his father's hopes, who, to cultivate the great genius which early diſplayed itſelf, was at the expenſe of a domeſtic tutor; whoſe care and capacity his pupil hath gratefully celebrated in an excellent An. Ætat. 12. Latin elegy. At his initiation he is ſaid to have applied himſelf to letters with ſuch indefatigable induſtry, that he rarely was prevailed with to quit his ſtudies before midnight; which not only made him frequently ſubject to ſevere pains in his head, but likewiſe occaſioned that weakneſs in his eyes which terminated in a total privation of ſight. From a domeſtic education he was removed to St. Paul's ſchool, to complete his acquaintance with the Claſſics, under the care of Dr. Gill: and after a ſhort ſtay there was An. Ætat. 15. tranſplanted to Chriſt's College in Cambridge, where he diſtinguiſhed himſelf in all kinds of academical exerciſes. Of this ſociety he continued a member till he commenced Maſter of Arts; and then leaving the Univerſity, he returned to his father, who An. Ætat. 23. had quitted the Town, and lived at Horton in Buckinghamſhire, where he purſued his ſtudies with unparallelled aſſiduity and ſucceſs.

After ſome years ſpent in this ſtudious retirement his mother died; and then he prevailed with his father to gratify an inclination he had long entertained An. Ætat. 30. of ſeeing foreign countries. Sir Henry Wotton, at that time Provoſt of Eton College, gave

him a letter of advice * for the direction of his travels; but by not observing an excellent maxim in it,

* "SIR, Eton College, 10th April, 1638.

"It was a special favour when you lately bestowed upon "me here the first taste of your acquaintance, though no "longer than to make me know that I wanted more time to "value it, and to enjoy it rightly. And in truth, if I could then "have imagined your farther stay in these parts, which I un-"derstood afterwards by Mr. H. I would have been bold, in "our vulgar phrase, to mend my draught, for you left me "with an extreme thirst, and to have begged your conver-"sation again, jointly with your said learned friend, at a poor "meal or two, that we might have banded together some "good authors of the ancient time, among which I observed "you to have been familiar.

"Since your going you have charged me with new obliga-"tions, both for a very kind letter from you, dated the 6th "of this month, and for a dainty piece of entertainment that "came therewith; wherein I should much commend the "tragical part, if the lyrical did not ravish with a certain "Doric delicacy in your Songs and Odes, wherein I must "plainly confess to have seen yet nothing parallel in our lan-"guage, *ipsa mollities*. But I must not omit to tell you, that "I now only owe you thanks for intimating unto me, how "modestly soever, the true artificer: for the work itself I had "viewed some good while before with singular delight, ha-"ving received it from our common friend Mr. R. in the very "close of the late R.'s poems, printed at Oxford, whereunto "it is added, as I now suppose, that the accessory might help "out the principal, according to the art of stationers, and "leave the reader *con la bocca dolce*.

"Now, Sir, concerning your travels, wherein I may chal-"lenge a little more privilege of discourse with you: I sup-"pose you will not blanch Paris in your way; therefore I have "been bold to trouble you with a few lines to Mr. M. B. "whom you shall easily find attending the young Lord S. as "his governor; and you may surely receive from him good "directions for shaping of your farther journey into Italy,

he incurred great danger, by diſputing againſt the ſuperſtition of the Church of Rome within the verge of the Vatican. Having employed his curioſity about

" where he did reſide, by my choice, ſome time for the King, " after mine own receſs from Venice.

" I ſhould think that your beſt line will be through the " whole length of France to Marſeilles, and thence by ſea to " Genoa, whence the paſſage into Tuſcany is as diurnal as a " Graveſend barge. I haſten, as you do, to Florence or Sienna, " the rather to tell you a ſhort ſtory, from the intereſt you " have given me in your ſafety.

" At Sienna I was tabled in the houſe of one Alberto Scipione, an old Roman courtier in dangerous times, having " been ſteward to the Duca di Pagliano, who with all his family were ſtrangled, ſave this only man, that eſcaped by " foreſight of the tempeſt. With him I had often much chat " of thoſe affairs; into which he took pleaſure to look back " from his native harbour; and at my departure toward " Rome, which had been the center of his experience, I had " won confidence enough to beg his advice how I might carry " myſelf ſecurely there, without offenſe of others, or of my " own conſcience. *Signor, arrigo mio*, ſays he, *I penſieri ſtretti,* " *et il viſo ſciolto*; that is, " Your thoughts cloſe, and your " countenance looſe, will go ſafely over the whole world." " Of which Delphian oracle (for ſo I have found it) your " judgment doth need no commentary; and therefore, Sir, " I will commit you with it to the beſt of all ſecurities, God's " dear love, remaining your friend, as much at command as " any of longer date. " H. WOTTON.

" *P. S.* Sir, I have expreſsly ſent this by my foot-boy, to " prevent your departure without ſome acknowledgment " from me of the receipt of your obliging letter, having myſelf, through ſome buſineſs, I know not how, neglected the " ordinary conveyance. In any part where I ſhall underſtand " you fixed, I ſhall be glad and diligent to entertain you with " home novelties, even for ſome fomentation of our friendſhip, too ſoon interrupted in the cradle."

two years in France and Italy *, on the news of a Civil war breaking out in England, he returned without taking a furvey of Greece and Sicily, as, at his fetting out, the fcheme was projected. At Paris the Lord Vifcount Scudamore, ambaffador from King Charles I. at the court of France, introduced him to the acquaintance of Grotius †, who, at that time, was honoured with the fame character there by Chriftina Queen of Sweden. In Rome, Genoa, Florence, and other cities of Italy, he contracted a familiarity with thofe who were of higheft reputation for wit and learning; feveral of whom gave him very obliging teftimonies of their friendfhip and efteem, which are printed before his Latin poems. The firft of them was written by Manfo Marquis of Villa, a great patron of Taffo, by whom he is celebrated in his poem on the conqueft of Jerufalem ‖. It is highly probable that to his converfation with this noble Neapolitan we owe the firft defign which Milton conceived of writing an epic poem: and it appears, by fome Latin verfes addreffed to the Marquis with the title of Manfus, that he intended to fix on King Arthur for his hero: but Arthur was referved to another deftiny!

* Et jam bis viridi furgebat culmus arifta,
Et totidem flavas numerabant horrea meffes,---
Nec dum aderat Thyrfis: paftorem fcilicet illum
Dulcis amor Mufæ Thufca retinebat in urbe.
Epitaph. Dam.

† Defenfio Secunda, *p. 96. Fol.*

‖ "Fra Cavalier' magnanimi, e cortefi,
"Refplende il Manfo."——— *Lib. 20.*

Returning from his travels, he found England on An. Ætat. 32. the point of being involved in blood and confusion. It seems wonderful that one of so warm and daring a spirit, as his certainly was, should be restrained from the camp in those unnatural commotions. I suppose we may impute it wholly to the great deference he paid to paternal authority that he retired to lodgings provided for him in the City; which being commodious for the reception of his sister's sons, and some other young gentlemen, he undertook their education; and is said to have formed them on the same plan which he afterwards published in a short tractate inscribed to his friend Mr. Hartlib.

In this philosophical course he continued without a An. Ætat. 35. wife to the year 1643; when he married Mary the daughter of Richard Powell of Forest-Hill in Oxfordshire; a gentleman of estate and reputation in that county, and of principles so very opposite to his son-in-law, that the marriage is more to be wondered at than the separation which ensued in little more than a month after she had cohabited with him in London. Her desertion provoked him both to write several treatises concerning the doctrine and discipline of divorce, and also to make his addresses to a young lady of great wit and beauty; but before he had engaged her affections to conclude the marriage-treaty, in a visit at one of his relations he found his wife prostrate before him imploring forgiveness and reconciliation. It is not to be doubted but an interview

of this nature, so little expected, must wonderfully affect him; and perhaps the impressions it made on his imaginations contributed much to the painting of that pathetic scene in Paradise Lost *, in which Eve addresseth herself to Adam for pardon and peace. At the intercession of his friends who were present, after a short reluctance, he generously sacrificed all his resentment to her tears.

> ---------Soon his heart relented
> Tow'ards her, his life so late, and sole delight,
> Now at his feet submissive in distress!

And after this re-union, so far was he from retaining an unkind memory of the provocations which he had received from her ill conduct, that when the King's cause was entirely oppressed, and her father, who had been active in his loyalty, was exposed to sequestration, Milton received both him and his family to protection and free entertainment in his own house, 'till their affairs were accommodated by his interest in the victorious faction.

For he was now grown famous by his Polemical writings of various kinds, and held in An. Ætat. 41. great favour and esteem by those who had power to dispose of all preferments in the state. 'Tis in vain to dissemble, and far be it from me to defend, his engaging with a party combined in the destruction of our Church and Monarchy. Yet, leaving the justification of a misguided sincerity to be debated in the schools, may I presume to observe in his favour

* Book X. ver. 909.

that his zeal, diſtempered and furious as it was, does not appear to have been inſpirited by ſelf-intereſted views; for it is affirmed, that though he lived always in a frugal retirement, and before his death had diſpoſed of his library, (which we may ſuppoſe to have been a valuable collection) he left no more than fifteen hundred pounds behind him for the ſupport of his family: and whoever conſiders the poſts to which he was advanced, and the times in which he enjoyed them, will, I believe, confeſs he might have accumulated a much more plentiful fortune. In a diſpaſſionate mind it will not require any extraordinary meaſure of candour to conclude, that though he abode in the heritage of oppreſſors, and the ſpoils of his country lay at his feet, neither his conſcience nor his honour could ſtoop to gather them.

A commiſſion to conſtitute him Adjutant-general An. Ætat. 42. to Sir William Waller was promiſed, but ſoon ſuperſeded by Waller's being laid aſide, when his maſters thought it proper to new-model their army. However, the keenneſs of his pen had ſo effectually recommended him to Cromwell's eſteem, that when he took the reins of government into his own hand, he advanced him to be Latin ſecretary both to himſelf and the Parliament: the former of theſe preferments he enjoyed both under the Uſurper and his ſon, the other 'till King Charles II. was reſtored. For ſome time he had an apartment for his family in Whitehall; but his health requiring a freer acceſſion

of air, he was obliged to remove from thence to lodgings which opened into St. James's Park. Not long after his settlement there his wife died in childbed; and much about the time of her death a gutta serena, which had for several years been gradually increasing, totally extinguished his sight *. In this me-

* It was the sight of his left eye that he lost first; and it was at the desire of his friend Leonard Philaras, the Duke of Parma's minister at Paris, that he sent him a particular account of his case, and of the manner of his growing blind, for him to consult Thevenot the physician, who was reckoned famous in cases of the eyes. The letter is the fifteenth of his Familiar Epistles, is dated September 28. 1654, and is thus translated by Mr. Richardson:

"Since you advise me not to fling away all hopes of recovering my sight, for that you have a friend at Paris, Thevenot the physician, particularly famous for the eyes, whom you offer to consult in my behalf, if you receive from me an account by which he may judge of the causes and symptoms of my disease, I will do what you advise me to, that I may not seem to refuse any assistance that is offered, perhaps from God.

"I think 'tis about ten years, more or less, since I began to perceive that my eye-sight grew weak and dim, and at the same time my spleen and bowels to be opprest and troubled with flatus; and in the morning when I began to read, according to custom, my eyes grew painful immediately, and to refuse reading, but were refreshed after a moderate exercise of the body. A certain iris began to surround the light of the candle if I looked at it; soon after which, on the left part of the left eye (for that was some years sooner clouded) a mist arose which hid every thing on that side; and looking forward, if I shut my right eye objects appeared smaller. My other eye also, for these last three years, failing by degrees, some months before all sight was abolished, things which I looked upon seemed to swim to the

lancholic condition he was easily prevailed with to think of taking another wife, who was Catharine the daughter of Capt. Woodcock of Hackney; and she too, in less than a year after their marriage, died in the same unfortunate manner as the former had done; to whose memory he does honour in one of his Sonnets.

These private calamities were much heightened by An. Ætat. 52. the different figure he was likely to make in the new scene of affairs which was going to be acted in the state: for all things now conspiring to promote the King's restoration, he was too conscious of his own activity during the usurpation to expect any favour from the Crown; and therefore he prudently absconded 'till the act of Oblivion was published; by which he was only rendered incapable of bearing any office in the nation. Many had a very just esteem of his admirable parts and learning who de-

" right and left; certain inveterate vapours seem to possess " my forehead and temples, which after meat, especially " quite to evening, generally urge and depress my eyes with " a sleepy heaviness: nor would I omit, that whilst there was " as yet some remainder of sight, I no sooner lay down in " my bed, and turned on my side, but a copious light dazzled out of my shut eyes; and as my sight diminished every day, colours gradually more obscure flashed out with vehemence; but now that the lucid is in a manner wholly " extinct, a direct blackness, or else spotted, and, as it were, " woven with ash-colour, is used to pour itself in. Nevertheless, the constant and settled darkness that is before me, as " well by night as by day, seems nearer to the whitish than " the blackish; and the eye rolling itself a little, seems to admit I know not what little smallness of light as through a " chink."

tested his principles, by whose intercession his pardon passed the seals: and I wish the laws of Civil history could have extended the benefit of that oblivion to the memory of his guilt which was indulged to his person; *Ne tanti facinoris immanitas aut extitisse, aut non vindicata fuisse, videatur.*

Having thus gained a full protection from the government, (which was in truth more than he could have reasonably hoped) he appeared as much in public as he formerly used to do; and employing his friend Dr. Paget to make choice of a third consort, on his recommendation he married Elizabeth the daughter of Mr. Minshul, a Cheshire gentleman, by whom he had no issue. Three daughters by his first wife were then living, two of whom are said to have been very serviceable to him in his studies: for, having been instructed to pronounce not only the modern, but also the Latin, Greek, and Hebrew languages, they read in their respective originals whatever authors he wanted to consult, though they understood none but their mother-tongue. This employment, however, was too unpleasant to be continued for any long process of time; and therefore he dismissed them, to receive an education more agreeable to their sex and temper.

We come now to take a survey of him in that point of view in which he will be looked on by all succeeding ages with equal delight and admiration. An interval of above twenty years had elapsed since he

An. Æt. * 26. † 29. wrote the Mask of Comus *, L'Allegro, Il Penseroso, and Lycidas †; all in such an exquisite strain, that though he had left no other monuments of his genius behind him, his name had been immortal. But neither the infirmities of age and constitution, nor the vicissitudes of fortune, could depress the vigour of his mind, or divert it from executing a design he had long conceived of writing an heroic poem *. The Fall of Man was a subject which he had some years before fixed on for a tragedy, which he intended to form by the models of Antiquity; and some, not without probability, say the play opened with that speech in the Fourth Book of Paradise Lost, ver. 32. which is addressed by Satan to the Sun. Were it material, I believe I could produce other passages which more plainly appear to have been originally intended for the scene. But whatever truth there may be in this report, 'tis certain that he did not begin to mold his subject in the form which it bears now before he had concluded his controversy with Salmasius and More; when he had wholly lost the use of his eyes, and was forced to employ in the office of an amanuensis any friend who accidentally paid him a visit. Yet, under all these discouragements and various interruptions, in the year 1669 he published his Paradise Lost †; the noblest Poem, next

An. Æt. 61.

* Paradise Lost. B. IX. v. 26.

† Milton's contract with his bookseller, S. Simmons, for the copy, bears date April 27. 1667.

to thofe of Homer and Virgil, that ever the wit of man produced in any age or nation. Need I mention any other evidence of its ineftimable worth, than that the fineft geniufes who have fucceeded him have ever efteemed it a merit to relifh and illuftrate its beauties? whilft the critic who gazed, with fo much wanton malice, on the nakednefs of Shakefpeare when he flept, after having * formally declared war againft it, wanted courage to make his attack, flufhed though he was with his conquefts over Julius Cæfar and the Moor; which infolence his mufe, like the other affaffins of Cæfar †, feverely revenged on herfelf; and not long after her triumph became her own executioner. Nor is it unworthy our obfervation, that though, perhaps, no one of our Englifh poets hath excited fo many admirers to imitate his manner, yet I think never any was known to afpire to emulation: even the late ingenious Mr. Philips, who, in the colours of ftyle, came the neareft of all the copiers to refemble the great original, made his diftant advances with a filial reverence, and reftrained his ambition within the fame bounds which Lucretius prefcribed to his own imitation:

> Non ita certandi cupidus, quam propter amorem
> Quod TE imitari aveo: quid enim contendat hirundo
> Cycnis?------

And now, perhaps, it may pafs for fiction what with great veracity I affirm to be fact, that Milton, after

* The Tragedies of the laft age confidered, p. 143.
† Vide Edgar.

having, with much difficulty, prevailed to have this divine Poem licensed for the press, could sell the copy for no more than fifteen pounds; the payment of which valuable consideration depended on the sale of three numerous impressions. So unreasonably may personal prejudice affect the most excellent performances!

About two years after, together with Samson Ago-
An. Æt. 63. nistes, (a tragedy not unworthy the Grecian stage when Athens was in her glory) he published Paradise Regain'd *. But, Oh! what a falling off was there!—Of which I shall say no more, than that there is scarcely a more remarkable instance of the frailty of human reason than our Author gave in preferring this Poem to Paradise Lost; nor a more instructive caution to the best writers, to be very diffident in deciding the merit of their own productions.

And thus, having attended him to the sixty-sixth year of his age, as closely as such imperfect lights as men of letters and retirement usually leave to guide our inquiry would allow, it now only remains to be
An. Ætat. 66-67. recorded, that, in the year 1674, the gout put a period to his life at Bunhill near London; from whence his body was conveyed to St. Giles's church by Cripplegate, where it lies interred in the chancel; but neither has nor wants a monument to perpetuate his memory.

* They were licensed July 2, 1670, but not printed before the year ensuing,

In his youth he is ſaid to have been extremely handſome: the colour of his hair was a light-brown; the ſymmetry of his features exact, enlivened with an agreeable air, and a beautiful mixture of fair and ruddy; which occaſioned the Marquis of Villa to give his Epigram the ſame turn of thought which Gregory, Arch-deacon of Rome, had employed above a thouſand years before, in praiſing the amiable complexions of ſome Engliſh youths before their converſion to Chriſtianity *. His ſtature (as we find it meaſured by himſelf †) did not exceed the middle ſize; neither too lean nor corpulent; his limbs well proportioned, nervous, and active; ſerviceable in all reſpects to his exerciſing the ſword, in which he much delighted, and wanted neither ſkill nor courage to reſent an affront from men of the moſt athletic conſtitutions. In his diet he was abſtemious; not delicate in the choice of his diſhes; and ſtrong liquors of all kinds were his averſion. Being too ſadly convinced how much his health had ſuffered by night-ſtudies in his younger years, he uſed to go early (ſeldom later than nine) to reſt, and roſe commonly before five in the morning. It is reported, (and there is a paſſage in one of his Latin Elegies to countenance the tradition) that his fancy made the happieſt flights in the Spring; but one of his nephews uſed to deliver it as

* Ut mens, forma, decor, facies, mos, ſi pietas ſic
Non Anglus, verum hercle Angelus ipſe fores.

† Defenſio Secunda, *p.* 87. *Fol.*

Milton's own obſervation, that his invention was in its higheſt perfection from September to the Vernal Æquinox: however it was, the great inequalities to be found in his compoſures are inconteſtible proofs that, in ſome ſeaſons, he was but one of the people. When blindneſs reſtrained him from other exerciſes, he had a machine to ſwing in for the preſervation of his health; and diverted himſelf in his chamber with playing on an organ. His deportment was erect, open, affable; his converſation eaſy, cheerful, inſtructive; his wit on all occaſions at command, facetious, grave, or ſatirical, as the ſubject required. His judgment, when diſengaged from religious and political ſpeculations, was juſt and penetrating; his apprehenſion quick; his memory tenacious of what he read; his reading only not ſo extenſive as his genius, for that was univerſal. And having treaſured up ſuch immenſe ſtores of ſcience, perhaps the faculties of his ſoul grew more vigorous after he was deprived of his ſight; and his imagination (naturally ſublime, and enlarged by reading romances *, of which he was much inamoured in his youth) when it was wholly abſtracted from material objects, was more at liberty to make ſuch amazing excurſions into the ideal world, when, in compoſing his Divine Work, he was tempted to range

Beyond the viſible diurnal ſphere.

With ſo many accompliſhments, not to have had ſome faults and misfortunes, to be laid in the balance with

* His apology for Smectymnuus, *p.* 177. *Fol.*

the fame and felicity of writing Paradise Lost, would have been too great a portion for humanity.

ELIJAH FENTON.

To this account of Milton it may be proper to add something concerning his family. We said before, that he had a younger brother and a sister. His brother, Christopher Milton, was a man of totally opposite principles; was a strong Royalist, and after the Civil war made his composition through his brother's interest; had been entered young a student in the Inner Temple, of which house he lived to be an ancient bencher; and being a professed Papist, was, in the reign of James II. made a judge and knighted; but soon obtained his *Quietus* by reason of his age and infirmities, and retired to Ipswich, where he lived all the latter part of his life. His sister, Anne Milton, had a considerable fortune given her by her father in marriage with Mr. Edward Philips, (son of Mr. Edward Philips of Shrewsbury) who coming young to London, was bred up in the Crown-office in Chancery, and at length became secondary of the office under Mr. Bembo. By him she had, besides other children who died infants, two sons, Edward and John. Among our Author's juvenile poems there is a copy of verses on the death of a fair Infant dying of a cough; and this being written in his 17th year, as it is said in the title, it may be naturally inferred that Mrs. Philips was elder than either of her brothers,

She had likewise two daughters, Mary, who died very young, and Anne, who was living in 1694, by a second husband, Mr. Thomas Agar, who succeeded his intimate friend Mr. Philips in his place in the Crown-office, which he enjoyed many years, and left to Mr. Thomas Milton, son of Sir Christopher before mentioned.

Our Author, by his first wife, had four children; a son, who died an infant, and three daughters, who survived him. By his second wife he had only one daughter, who died soon after her mother, who died in child-bed; and by his last wife he had no children at all. His daughters were not sent to school, but were instructed by a mistress kept at home for that purpose; and he himself, excusing the eldest on account of an impediment in her speech, taught the two others to read and pronounce Greek and Latin, and several other languages, without understanding any but English, for he used to say that one tongue was enough for a woman; but this employment was very irksome to them, and this, together with the sharpness and severity of their mother-in-law, made them very uneasy at home; and therefore they were all sent abroad to learn things more proper for them, and particularly embroidery in gold and silver. As Milton, at his death, left his affairs very much in the power of his widow, tho' she acknowledged that he died worth one thousand five hundred pounds, yet she allowed but one hundred pounds to each of his thr e daughters. Anne,

the eldeſt, was decrepit and deformed, but had a very handſome face; ſhe married a maſter-builder, and died in childbed of her firſt child, who died with her. Mary, the ſecond, lived and died ſingle. Deborah, the youngeſt, in her father's life-time, went over to Ireland with a lady, and afterwards was married to Mr. Abraham Clarke, a weaver in Spitalfields, and died in Auguſt 1727, in the 76th year of her age. She is ſaid to have been a woman of good underſtanding and genteel behaviour, though in low circumſtances. As ſhe had been often called upon to read Homer and Ovid's Metamorphoſes to her father, ſhe could have repeated a conſiderable number of verſes from the beginning of both theſe poets, as Mr. Ward, Profeſſor of Rhetoric in Greſham College, relates upon his own knowledge; and another gentleman has informed me, that he has heard her repeat ſeveral verſes likewiſe out of Euripides. Mr. Addiſon, and the other gentlemen who had opportunites of ſeeing her, knew her immediately to be Milton's daughter by the ſimilitude of her countenance to her father's picture; and Mr. Addiſon made her a handſome preſent of a purſe of guineas, with a promiſe of procuring for her ſome annual proviſion for her life; but his death happening ſoon after, ſhe loſt the benefit of his generous deſign. She received preſents, likewiſe, from ſeveral other gentlemen, and Queen Caroline ſent her fifty pounds by the hands of Dr. Freind the phyſician.

She had ten children, feven fons and three daughters; but none of them had any children, except one of her fons, named Caleb, and one of her daughters, named Elizabeth. Caleb went to Fort St. George in the Eaft Indies, where he married, and had two fons, Abraham and Ifaac; the elder of whom came to England with the late Governor Harrifon, but returned upon advice of his father's death, and whether he or his brother be now living is uncertain. Elizabeth, the youngeft child of Mrs. Clarke, was married to Mr. Thomas Fofter, a weaver in Spitalfields, and had feven children, who are all dead; and fhe herfelf is aged about fixty, and weak and infirm. She feemeth to be a good plain fenfible woman, and has confirmed feveral particulars related above.

To what has been faid in the Life of our Author's having no monument, it may not be improper to add, that on inquiry at St. Giles's church, the fexton fhewed a fmall monument, which he faid was fuppofed to be Milton's; but the infcription had never been legible fince he was employed in that office, which he has poffeffed about forty years. This, fure, could never have happened in fo fhort a fpace of time, unlefs the Epitaph had been induftrioufly erafed; and that fuppofition carries with it fo much inhumanity, that we ought to believe it was not erected to his memory.

ADVERTISEMENT.

The works of inferior geniuſes have their infancy, and often receive additions of ſtrength and beauty in the ſeveral impreſſions they undergo whilſt their authors live: but the following Poem came into the world, like the perſons whom it celebrates, in a ſtate of maturity. However, though in the firſt edition it was diſpoſed into Ten Books only, Milton thought proper, in the ſecond, to make a new diviſion of it into Twelve: not, I ſuppoſe, with reſpect to the Æneis, (for he was, in both ſenſes of the phraſe, above imitation) but more probably, becauſe the length of the Seventh and Tenth required a pauſe in the narration, he divided them each into two; on which diſtribution, to the beginning of thoſe Books which are now the Eighth and Twelfth, he added the following verſes, which were neceſſary to make a connexion.

Book VIII. ver 1.

The angel ended, and in Adam's ear
So charming left his voice, that he a while
Thought him ſtill ſpeaking; ſtill ſtood fix'd to hear:
Then, as new wak'd, thus gratefully reply'd.

The latter half of the verſe was taken from this in the firſt edition.

To whom thus Adam gratefully reply'd.

Book XII. ver. 1.

As one who in his journey bates at noon,
Though bent on ſpeed; ſo here th' arch-angel paus'd
Betwixt the world deſtroy'd and world reſtor'd,
If Adam ought perhaps might interpoſe;
Then with tranſition ſweet new ſpeech reſumes.

At the ſame time the Author made ſome few additions in other places of the Poem, which are here inſerted for the ſatisfaction of the curious.

Book V. ver. 637.

"They eat, they drink, and with refection ſweet
"Are fill'd, before th' all-bounteous King, &c.

were thus enlarged in the ſecond edition,

They eat, they drink, and in communion ſweet
Quaff immortality and joy, ſecure
Of ſurfeit where full meaſure only bounds
Exceſs, before th' all-bounteous King, &c.

Book XI. ver. 484. after

"Inteſtine ſtone, and ulcer, colic-pangs,

theſe three verſes were added,

Dæmoniac phrenzy, moaping melancholy,
And moon-ſtruck madneſs, pining atrophy;
Maraſmus, and wide-waſting peſtilence.

And ver. 551. of the ſame Book, which was originally thus,

"Of rend'ring up. Michael to him reply'd.

receiv'd this addition,

Of rend'ring up, and patiently attend
My diſſolution. Michael reply'd.

A

GENERAL CRITIQUE

UPON THE

PARADISE LOST.

BY JOSEPH ADDISON, ESQ.

Cedite Romani scriptores, cedite Graii! PROPERT.

THERE is nothing in nature more irksome than general discourses, especially when they turn chiefly upon words: for this reason I shall wave the discussion of that point which was started some years since, Whether Milton's Paradise Lost may be called an Heroic Poem? Those who will not give it that title may call it (if they please) a Divine Poem. It will be sufficient to its perfection if it has in it all the beauties of the highest kind of poetry; and as for those who alledge it is not an heroic poem, they advance no more to the diminution of it than if they should say, Adam is not Æneas, nor Eve Helen.

I shall therefore examine it by the rules of Epic poetry, and see whether it falls short of the Iliad or Æneid in the beauties which are essential to that kind of writing. The first thing to be considered in an epic poem is the Fable, which is perfect or imperfect ac-

cording as the Action which it relates is more or less so. This Action should have three qualifications in it. First, it should be but One Action: Secondly, it should be an Entire Action: and, Thirdly, it should be a Great Action. To consider the Action of the Iliad, Æneid, and Paradise Lost, in these three several lights. Homer, to preserve the Unity of his Action, hastens into the midst of things, as Horace has observed: had he gone up to Leda's egg, or begun much later, even at the Rape of Helen, or the investing of Troy, it is manifest that the story of the poem would have been a series of several Actions. He, therefore, opens his poem with the discord of his princes, and artfully interweaves, in the several succeeding parts of it, an account of every thing material which relates to them, and had passed before this fatal dissention. After the same manner Æneas make his first appearance in the Tyrrhene seas, and within sight of Italy, because the Action proposed to be celebrated was that of his settling himself in Latium: but because it was necessary for the reader to know what had happened to him in the taking of Troy, and in the preceding parts of his voyage, Virgil makes his hero relate it by way of episode, in the second and third books of the Æneid; the contents of both which books come before those of the first book in the thread of the story, though, for preserving of this Unity of Action, they follow it in the disposition of the poem. Milton, in imitation of these two great poets, opens his Paradise Lost with

an infernal council plotting the fall of Man, which is the Action he proposed to celebrate; and as for those great actions, the battle of the angels, and the creation of the world, (which preceded in point of time, and which, in my opinion, would have entirely destroyed the Unity of his principal Action, had he related them in the same order that they happened) he cast them into the Fifth, Sixth, and Seventh Books, by way of episode to this noble Poem.

Aristotle himself allows, that Homer has nothing to boast of as to the Unity of his Fable, though, at the same time, that great critic and philosopher endeavours to palliate this imperfection in the Greek poet, by imputing it, in some measure, to the very nature of an epic poem. Some have been of opinion that the Æneid also labours in this particular, and has episodes which may be looked upon as excrescences rather than as parts of the Action. On the contrary, the Poem which we have now under our consideration hath no other episodes than such as naturally arise from the subject, and yet is filled with such a multitude of astonishing incidents, that it gives us at the same time a pleasure of the greatest variety, and of the greatest simplicity; uniform in its nature, though diversified in the execution.

I must observe also, that as Virgil, in the poem which was designed to celebrate the original of the Roman empire, has described the birth of its great

rival, the Carthaginian commonwealth, Milton, with the like art, in his Poem on the fall of Man, has related the fall of thofe angels who are his profeffed enemies. Befide the many other beauties in fuch an epifode, its running parallel with the great Action of the Poem hinders it from breaking the Unity fo much as another epifode would have done that had not fo great an affinity with the principal fubject. In fhort, this is the fame kind of beauty which the critics admire in the Spanifh Friar; or, The Double Difcovery; where the two different plots look like counterparts and copies of one another.

The fecond qualification required in the Action of an epic poem is, that it fhould be an Entire Action. An Action is entire when it is complete in all its parts; or, as Ariftotle defcribes it, when it confifts of a beginning, a middle, and an end. Nothing fhould go before it, be intermixed with it, or follow after it, that is not related to it; as, on the contrary, no fingle ftep fhould be omitted in that juft and regular progrefs which it muft be fuppofed to take from its original to its confummation. Thus we fee the anger of Achilles in its birth, its continuance, and effects; and Æneas's fettlement in Italy carried on through all the oppofitions in his way to it both by fea and land. The Action in Milton excels, I think, both the former in this particular; we fee it contrived in Hell, executed upon Earth, and punifhed by Heaven. The parts

of it are told in the moſt diſtinct manner, and grow out of one another in the moſt natural order.

The third qualification of an epic poem is its Greatneſs. The anger of Achilles was of ſuch conſequence that it embroiled the kings of Greece, deſtroyed the heroes of Aſia, and engaged all the gods in factions. Æneas's ſettlement in Italy produced the Cæſars, and gave birth to the Roman empire. Milton's ſubject was ſtill greater than either of the former; it does not determine the fate of ſingle perſons or nations, but of a whole ſpecies. The united powers of Hell are joined together for the deſtruction of mankind, which they effected in part, and would have completed, had not Omnipotence itſelf interpoſed. The principal actors are Man in his greateſt perfection and Woman in her higheſt beauty. Their enemies are the fallen Angels, the Meſſiah their friend, and the Almighty their protector. In ſhort, every thing that is great in the whole circle of being, whether within the verge of Nature or out of it, has a proper part aſſigned it in this admirable Poem.

In poetry, as in architecture, not only the whole, but the principal members, and every part of them, ſhould be great. I will not preſume to ſay that the book of Games in the Æneid, or that in the Iliad, are not of this nature; nor to reprehend Virgil's ſimile of the Top, and many other of the ſame kind in the Iliad, as liable to any cenſure in this particular; but I think we may ſay, without derogating from thoſe

wonderful performances, that there is an indiſputable and unqueſtioned magnificence in every part of Paradiſe Loſt, and indeed a much greater than could have been formed upon any Pagan ſyſtem.

But Ariſtotle, by the Greatneſs of the Action, does not only mean that it ſhould be great in its nature, but alſo in its duration; or, in other words, that it ſhould have a due length in it, as well as what we properly call Greatneſs. The juſt meaſure of this kind of magnitude he explains by the following ſimilitude. An animal, no bigger than a mite, cannot appear perfect to the eye, becauſe the ſight takes it in at once, and has only a confuſed idea of the whole, and not a diſtinct idea of all its parts: if, on the contrary, you ſhould ſuppoſe an animal of ten thouſand furlongs in length, the eye would be ſo filled with a ſingle part of it, that it could not give the mind an idea of the whole. What theſe animals are to the eye, a very ſhort or a very long Action would be to the memory. The firſt would be, as it were, loſt and ſwallowed up by it, and the other difficult to be contained in it. Homer and Virgil have ſhown their principal art in this particular; the Action of the Iliad, and that of the Æneid, were in themſelves exceeding ſhort, but are ſo beautifully extended and diverſified by the invention of epiſodes, and the machinery of gods, with the like poetical ornaments, that they make up an agreeable ſtory, ſufficient to employ the memory, without overcharging it. Milton's Action is

enriched with ſuch a variety of circumſtances, that I have taken as much pleaſure in reading the Contents of his Books as in the beſt-invented ſtory I ever met with. It is poſſible that the traditions on which the Iliad and Æneid were built had more circumſtances in them than the hiſtory of the fall of Man, as it is related in Scripture: beſides, it was eaſier for Homer and Virgil to daſh the truth with fiction, as they were in no danger of offending the religion of their country by it: but as for Milton, he had not only a very few circumſtances upon which to raiſe his Poem, but was alſo obliged to proceed with the greateſt caution in every thing that he added out of his own invention. And, indeed, notwithſtanding all the reſtraints he was under, he has filled his ſtory with ſo many ſurpriſing incidents, which bear ſo cloſe analogy with what is delivered in Holy Writ, that it is capable of pleaſing the moſt delicate reader, without giving offence to the moſt ſcrupulous.

The modern critics have collected, from ſeveral hints in the Iliad and Æneid, the ſpace of time which is taken up by the Action of each of thoſe poems; but as a great part of Milton's ſtory was tranſacted in regions that lie out of the reach of the ſun and the ſphere of day, it is impoſſible to gratify the reader with ſuch a calculation, which indeed would be more curious than inſtructive; none of the critics, either ancient or modern, having laid down rules to circumſcribe the Action of an epic poem within any de-

termined number of years, days, or hours. But of this more particularly hereafter.

Having examined the Action of Paradise Lost, let us, in the next place, consider the Actors. This is Aristotle's method of considering; first, the Fable; and, secondly, the Manners; or, as we generally call them in English, the Fable and the Characters.

Homer has excelled all the heroic poets that ever wrote in the multitude and variety of his Characters. Every god that is admitted into his poem acts a part which would have been suitable to no other deity. His princes are as much distinguished by their manners as by their dominions; and even those among them whose characters seem wholly made up of courage, differ from one another as to the particular kinds of courage in which they excel. In short, there is scarce a speech or action in the Iliad which the reader may not ascribe to the person that speaks or acts, without seeing his name at the head of it.

Homer does not only outshine all other poets in the variety, but also in the novelty, of his Characters. He has introduced among his Grecian princes a person who had lived in three ages of men, and conversed with Theseus, Hercules, Polyphemus, and the first race of heroes. His principal Actor is the son of a goddess, not to mention the offspring of other deities, who have likewise a place in his poem, and the venerable Trojan prince who was the father of so many kings and heroes. There is in these several Characters

of Homer a certain dignity, as well as novelty, which adapts them in a more peculiar manner to the nature of an heroic poem; though, at the ſame time, to give them the greater variety, he has deſcribed a Vulcan, that is, a buffoon, among his gods, and a Therſites among his mortals.

Virgil falls infinitely ſhort of Homer in the Characters of his poem, both as to their variety and novelty. Æneas is indeed a perfect character; but as for Achates, though he is ſtyled the hero's friend, he does nothing in the whole poem which may deſerve that title. Gyas, Mneſtheus, Sergeſtus, and Cloanthus, are all of them men of the ſame ſtamp and character.

------fortemque Gyan, fortemque Cloanthum. VIRG.

There are, indeed, ſeveral very natural incidents in the part of Aſcanius, as that of Dido cannot be ſufficiently admired. I do not ſee any thing new or particular in Turnus. Pallas and Evander are remote copies of Hector and Priam, as Lauſus and Mezentius are almoſt parallels to Pallas and Evander. The characters of Niſus and Eurialus are beautiful, but common. We muſt not forget the parts of Sinon, Camilla, and ſome few others, which are fine improvements on the Greek poet. In ſhort, there is neither that variety nor novelty in the perſons of the Æneid which we meet with in thoſe of the Iliad.

If we look into the Characters of Milton, we ſhall find that he has introduced all the variety his fable was capable of receiving. The whole ſpecies of man-

kind was in two perſons, at the time to which the ſubject of his Poem is confined. We have, however, four diſtinct Characters in theſe two perſons. We ſee man and woman in the higheſt innocence and perfection, and in the moſt abject ſtate of guilt and infirmity. The two laſt Characters are, indeed, very common and obvious, but the two firſt are not only more magnificent, but more new than any Characters either in Virgil or Homer, or indeed in the whole circle of Nature.

Milton was ſo ſenſible of this defect in the ſubject of his Poem, and of the few Characters it would afford him, that he has brought into it two Actors of a ſhadowy and fictitious nature, in the perſons of Sin and Death, by which means he has wrought into the body of his fable a very beautiful and well-invented allegory: but notwithſtanding the fineneſs of this allegory may atone for it in ſome meaſure, I cannot think that perſons of ſuch a chimerical exiſtence are proper Actors in an epic poem; becauſe there is not that meaſure of probability annexed to them which is requiſite in writings of this kind, as I ſhall ſhow more at large hereafter.

Virgil has, indeed, admitted Fame as an Actreſs in the Æneid; but the part ſhe acts is very ſhort, and none of the moſt admired circumſtances in that divine work. We find in mock-heroic poems, particularly in the Diſpenſary and the Lutrin, ſeveral allegorical perſons of this nature, which are very beautiful in thoſe compoſitions, and may, perhaps, be uſed as an argu-

ment that the authors of them were of opinion ſuch characters might have a place in an epic work: for my own part, I ſhould be glad the reader would think ſo for the ſake of the Poem I am now examining, and muſt farther add, that if ſuch empty unſubſtantial beings may be ever made uſe of on this occaſion, never were any more nicely imagined, and employed in more proper actions, than thoſe of which I am now ſpeaking.

Another principal actor in this Poem is the great enemy of mankind. The part of Ulyſſes in Homer's Odyſſey is very much admired by Ariſtotle, as perplexing that fable with very agreeable plots and intricacies, not only by the many adventures in his voyage, and the ſubtlety of his behaviour, but by the various concealments and diſcoveries of his perſon in ſeveral parts of that poem: but the crafty being I have now mentioned makes a much longer voyage than Ulyſſes, puts in practice many more wiles and ſtratagems, and hides himſelf under a greater variety of ſhapes and appearances, all of which are ſeverally detected, to the great delight and ſurpriſe of the reader.

We may likewiſe obſerve with how much art the Poet has varied ſeveral characters of the perſons that ſpeak in his infernal aſſembly. On the contrary, how has he repreſented the whole Godhead exerting itſelf towards man, in its full benevolence, under the three-

fold diſtinction of a Creator, a Redeemer, and a Comforter!

Nor muſt we omit the perſon of Raphael, who, amidſt his tenderneſs and friendſhip for man, ſhows ſuch a dignity and condeſcenſion in all his ſpeech and behaviour as are ſuitable to a ſuperior nature. The angels are indeed as much diverſified in Milton, and diſtinguiſhed by their proper parts, as the gods are in Homer or Virgil. The reader will find nothing aſcribed to Uriel, Gabriel, Michael, or Raphael, which is not in a particular manner ſuitable to their reſpective characters.

There is another circumſtance in the principal actors of the Iliad and Æneid which gives a peculiar beauty to thoſe two poems, and was therefore contrived with very great judgment; I mean the authors having choſen for their heroes perſons who were ſo nearly related to the people for whom they wrote. Achilles was a Greek, and Æneas the remote founder of Rome: by this means their countrymen (whom they principally propoſed to themſelves for their readers) were particularly attentive to all the parts of their ſtory, and ſympathized with their heroes in all their adventures. A Roman could not but rejoice in the eſcapes, ſucceſſes, and victories, of Æneas, and be grieved at any defeats, misfortunes, or diſappointments, that befel him; as a Greek muſt have had the ſame regard for Achilles; and it is plain that each of thoſe poems have

loſt this great advantage among thoſe readers to whom their heroes are as ſtrangers or indifferent perſons.

Milton's Poem is admirable in this reſpect, ſince it is impoſſible for any of its readers, whatever nation, country, or people, he may belong to, not to be related to the perſons who are the principal actors in it; but what is ſtill infinitely more to its advantage, the principal actors in this Poem are not only our progenitors, but our repreſentatives: we have an actual intereſt in every thing they do, and no leſs than our utmoſt happineſs is concerned, and lies at ſtake, in all their behaviour.

I ſhall ſubjoin, as a corollary to the foregoing remark, an admirable obſervation out of Ariſtotle, which hath been very much miſrepreſented in the quotations of ſome modern critics. 'If a man of perfect and conſummate virtue falls into a misfortune, it raiſes our 'pity, but not our terror; becauſe we do not fear that 'it may be our own caſe, who do not reſemble the 'ſuffering perſon:' but, as that great philoſopher adds, 'If we ſee a man of virtue, mixt with infirmi'ties, fall into any misfortune, it does not only raiſe 'our pity but our terror; becauſe we are afraid that 'the like misfortunes may happen to ourſelves, who 'reſemble the character of the ſuffering perſon.'

I ſhall only remark in this place, that the foregoing obſervation of Ariſtotle, though it may be true in other occaſions, does not hold in this; becauſe, in the

present case, though the persons who fall into misfortune are of the most perfect and consummate virtue, it is not to be considered as what may possibly be, but what actually is, our own case, since we are embarked with them on the same bottom, and must be partakers of their happiness or misery.

In this, and some other very few instances, Aristotle's rules for epic poetry, which he had drawn from his reflections upon Homer, cannot be supposed to square exactly with the heroic poems which have been made since his time, since it is evident to every impartial judge his rules would still have been more perfect could he have perused the Æneid, which was made some hundred years after his death.

We have already taken a general survey of the fable and characters in Milton's Paradise Lost: the parts which remain to be considered, according to Aristotle's method, are the Sentiments and the Language. Before I enter upon the first of these, I must advertise my reader that it is my design, as soon as I have finished my general reflections on these four several heads, to give particular instances out of the Poem now before us of beauties and imperfections which may be observed under each of them, as also of such other particulars as may not properly fall under any of them. This I thought fit to premise, that the reader may not judge too hastily of this piece of Criticism, or look upon it as imperfect, before he has seen the whole extent of it.

The Sentiments, in an epic poem, are the thoughts and behaviour which the author aſcribes to the perſons whom he introduces, and are juſt when they are conformable to the characters of the ſeveral perſons. The Sentiments have likewiſe a relation to things as well as perſons, and are then perfect when they are ſuch as are adapted to the ſubject. If in either of theſe caſes the poet endeavours to argue or explain, to magnify or diminiſh, to raiſe love or hatred, pity or terror, or any other paſſion, we ought to conſider whether the Sentiments he makes uſe of are proper for thoſe ends. Homer is cenſured by the critics for his defect as to this particular in ſeveral parts of the Iliad and Odyſſey, though, at the ſame time, thoſe who have treated this great poet with candour have attributed this defect to the times in which he lived. It was the fault of the age, and not of Homer, if there wants that delicacy in ſome of his ſentiments which now appears in the works of men of a much inferior genius. Beſides, if there are blemiſhes in any particular thoughts, there is an infinite beauty in the greateſt part of them. In ſhort, if there are many poets who would not have fallen into the meanneſs of ſome of his ſentiments, there are none who could have riſen up to the greatneſs of others. Virgil has excelled all others in the propriety of his ſentiments. Milton ſhines likewiſe very much in this particular: nor muſt we omit one conſideration which adds to his honour

and reputation. Homer and Virgil introduced perſons whoſe characters are commonly known among men, and ſuch as are to be met with either in hiſtory or in ordinary converſation. Milton's characters, moſt of them, lie out of nature, and were to be formed purely by his own invention. It ſhows a greater genius in Shakeſpeare to have drawn his Calyban than his Hotſpur or Julius Cæſar: the one was to be ſupplied out of his own imagination, whereas the other might have been formed upon tradition, hiſtory, and obſervation. It was much eaſier, therefore, for Homer to find proper ſentiments for an aſſembly of Grecian generals than for Milton to diverſify his infernal council with proper characters, and inſpire them with a variety of ſentiments. The loves of Dido and Æneas are only copies of what has paſſed between other perſons. Adam and Eve before the fall are a different ſpecies from that of mankind, who are deſcended from them; and none but a poet of the moſt unbounded invention, and the moſt exquiſite judgment, could have filled their converſation and behaviour with ſo many apt circumſtances during their ſtate of innocence.

Nor is it ſufficient for an epic poem to be filled with ſuch thoughts as are natural, unleſs it abound alſo with ſuch as are ſublime. Virgil in this particular falls ſhort of Homer. He has not indeed ſo many thoughts that are low and vulgar; but, at the ſame time, has not ſo many thoughts that are ſublime and noble. The truth of it is, Virgil ſeldom riſes into very aſto-

nifhing fentiments where he is not fired by the Iliad: he every where charms and pleafes us by the force of his own genius, but feldom elevates and tranfports us where he does not fetch his hints from Homer.

Milton's chief talent, and indeed his diftinguifhing excellence, lies in the fublimity of his thoughts. There are others of the Moderns who rival him in every other part of poetry; but in the greatnefs of his Sentiments he triumphs over all the poets, both modern and ancient, Homer only excepted. It is impoffible for the imagination of man to diftend itfelf with greater ideas than thofe which he has laid together in his Firft, Second, and Sixth Books. The Seventh, which defcribes the creation of the world, is likewife wonderfully fublime, though not fo apt to ftir up emotion in the mind of the reader, nor, confequently, fo perfect in the epic way of writing; becaufe it is filled with lefs action. Let the judicious reader compare what Longinus has obferved on feveral paffages in Homer, and he will find parallels for moft of them in the Paradife Loft.

From what has been faid we may infer, that as there are two kinds of Sentiments, the natural and the fublime, which are always to be purfued in an heroic poem, there are alfo two kinds of thoughts which are carefully to be avoided. The firft are fuch as are affected and unnatural, the fecond fuch as are mean and vulgar. As for the firft kind of thoughts, we meet with little or nothing that is like them in Virgil; he has none of thofe trifling points and puerilities that are

ſo often to be met with in Ovid, none of the epigrammatic turns of Lucan, none of thoſe ſwelling ſentiments which are ſo frequently in Statius and Claudian, none of thoſe mixed embelliſhments of Taſſo. Every thing is juſt and natural. His Sentiments ſhow that he had a perfect inſight into human nature, and that he knew every thing which was the moſt proper to affect it.

Mr. Dryden has in ſome places, which I may hereafter take notice of, miſrepreſented Virgil's way of thinking as to this particular, in the tranſlation he has given us of the Æneid. I do not remember that Homer any where falls into the faults above mentioned, which were indeed the falſe refinements of later ages. Milton, it muſt be confeſt, has ſometimes erred in this reſpect, as I ſhall ſhew more at large in another paper; though, conſidering all the poets of the age in which he writ were infected with this wrong way of thinking, he is rather to be admired that he did not give more into it, than that he did ſometimes comply with the vicious taſte which ſtill prevails ſo much among modern writers.

But ſince ſeveral thoughts may be natural which are low and grovelling, an epic poet ſhould not only avoid ſuch ſentiments as are unnatural or affected, but alſo ſuch as are mean and vulgar. Homer has opened a great field of raillery to men of more delicacy than greatneſs of genius, by the homelineſs of ſome of his ſentiments: but, as I have before ſaid,

these are rather to be imputed to the ſimplicity of the age in which he lived, to which I may alſo add, of that which he deſcribed, than to any imperfection in that divine poet. Zoilus among the Ancients, and Monſieur Perrault among the Moderns, puſhed their ridicule very far upon him on account of ſome ſuch ſentiments. There is no blemiſh to be obſerved in Virgil under this head, and but a very few in Milton.

I ſhall give but one inſtance of this impropriety of thought in Homer, and at the ſame time compare it with an inſtance of the ſame nature both in Virgil and Milton. Sentiments which raiſe laughter can very ſeldom be admitted with any decency into an heroic poem, whoſe buſineſs is to excite paſſions of a much nobler nature. Homer, however, in his characters of Vulcan and Therſites, in his hiſtory of Mars and Venus, in his behaviour of Irus, and in other paſſages, has been obſerved to have lapſed into the burleſque character, and to have departed from that ſerious air which ſeems eſſential to the magnificence of an epic poem. I remember but one laugh in the whole Æneid, which riſes in the Fifth Book upon Monœtes, where he is repreſented as thrown over-board, and drying himſelf upon a rock. But this piece of mirth is ſo well timed, that the ſevereſt critic can have nothing to ſay againſt it, for it is in the book of Games and Diverſions, where the reader's mind may be ſuppoſed to be ſufficiently relaxed for ſuch an entertainment. The only piece of pleaſantry in Paradiſe Loſt, is where the

evil ſpirits are deſcribed as rallying the angels upon the ſucceſs of their new-invented artillery. This paſſage I look upon to be the moſt exceptionable in the whole Poem, as being nothing elſe but a ſtring of puns, and thoſe, too, very indifferent.

----------Satan beheld their plight,
And to his mates thus in deriſion call'd.
O Friends, why come not on theſe victors proud?
Ere while they fierce were coming; and when we
To entertain them fair with open front
And breaſt (what could we more?) propounded terms
Of compoſition, ſtrait they chang'd their minds,
Flew off, and into ſtrange vagaries fell,
As they would dance; yet for a dance they ſeem'd
Somewhat extravagant and wild, perhaps
For joy of offer'd peace: but I ſuppoſe
If our propoſals once again were heard,
We ſhould compel them to a quick reſult.
To whom thus Belial in like gameſome mood.
Leader, the terms we ſent were terms of weight,
Of hard contents, and full of force urg'd home,
Such as we might perceive amus'd them all,
And ſtumbled many; who receives them right,
Had need from head to foot well underſtand;
Not underſtood, this gift they have beſides,
They ſhow us when our foes walk not upright.
So they among themſelves in pleaſant vein
Stood ſcoffing----------

Having already treated of the Fable, the Characters and Sentiments, in the Paradiſe Loſt, we are, in the laſt place, to conſider the Language: and as the learned world is very much divided upon Milton as to this point, I hope they will excuſe me if I appear particular in any of my opinions, and incline to thoſe who judge the moſt advantageouſly of the Author.

It is requiſite that the Language of an heroic poem

ſhould be both perſpicuous and ſublime. In proportion as either of theſe two qualities are wanting the Language is imperfect. Perſpicuity is the firſt and moſt neceſſary qualification; inſomuch that a good-natured reader ſometimes overlooks a little ſlip even in the grammer or ſyntax, where it is impoſſible for him to miſtake the poet's ſenſe. Of this kind is that paſſage in Milton wherein he ſpeaks of Satan,

> ——God and his Son except,
> Created thing nought valu'd he nor ſhunn'd.

And that in which he deſcribes Adam and Eve.

> Adam the goodlieſt man of men ſince born
> His ſons, the faireſt of her daughters Eve.

It is plain that, in the former of theſe paſſages, according to the natural ſyntax, the divine perſons mentioned in the firſt line are repreſented as created beings; and that in the other, Adam and Eve are confounded with their ſons and daughters. Such little blemiſhes as theſe, when the thought is great and natural, we ſhould, with Horace, impute to a pardonable inadvertency, or to the weakneſs of human nature, which cannot attend to each minute particular, and give the laſt finiſhing to every circumſtance in ſo long a work. The ancient critics, therefore, who were acted by a ſpirit of candour rather than that of cavilling, invented certain figures of ſpeech on purpoſe to palliate little errors of this nature in the writings of thoſe authors who had ſo many greater beauties to atone for them.

If clearneſs and perſpicuity were only to be conſulted, the poet would have nothing elſe to do but to clothe his thoughts in the moſt plain and natural expreſſions. But ſince it often happens that the moſt obvious phraſes, and thoſe which are uſed in ordinary converſation, become too familiar to the ear, and contract a kind of meanneſs by paſſing through the mouths of the vulgar, a poet ſhould take particular care to guard himſelf againſt idiomatic ways of ſpeaking. Ovid and Lucan have many poorneſſes of expreſſion upon this account, as taking up with the firſt phraſes that offered, without putting themſelves to the trouble of looking after ſuch as would not only be natural, but alſo elevated and ſublime. Milton has but a few failings in this kind, of which, however, you may meet with ſome inſtances, as in the following paſſages.

Embrios and idiots, eremites and friers
White, black, and gray, with all their trumpery,
Here pilgrims roam-----

------A while diſcourſe they hold,
No fear leſt dinner cool; when thus began
Our Author-----

Who of all ages to ſucceed, but feeling
The evil on him brought by me will curſe
My head, ill fare our anceſtor impure,
For this we may thank Adam-----

The great maſters in compoſition know very well that many an elegant phraſe becomes improper for a poet or an orator when it has been debaſed by common uſe. For this reaſon the works of ancient authors,

which are written in dead languages, have a great advantage over thofe which are written in languages that are now fpoken. Were there any mean phrafes or idioms in Virgil and Homer, they would not fhock the ear of the moft delicate modern reader fo much as they would have done that of an old Greek or Roman, becaufe we never hear them pronounced in our ftreets, or in ordinary converfation.

It is not therefore fufficient that the Language of an epic poem be perfpicuous, unlefs it be alfo fublime. To this end it ought to deviate from the common forms and ordinary phrafes of fpeech. The judgment of a poet very much difcovers itfelf in fhunning the common roads of expreffion, without falling into fuch ways of fpeech as may feem ftiff and unnatural; he muft not fwell into a falfe fublime, by endeavouring to avoid the other extreme. Among the Greeks Æfchylus, and fometimes Sophocles, were guilty of this fault; among the Latins Claudian and Statius; and among our own countrymen Shakefpeare and Lee. In thefe authors the affectation of greatnefs often hurts the perfpicuity of the ftyle, as in many others the endeavour after perfpicuity prejudices its greatnefs.

Ariftotle has obferved, that the idiomatic ftyle may be avoided, and the fublime formed, by the following methods. Firft, by the ufe of metaphors: fuch are thofe in Milton.

Imparadis'd in one another's arms.

-----And in his hand a reed
Stood waving tipt with fire-----
The graſſy clods now calv'd-----
Spangled with eyes-----

In theſe, and innumerable other inſtances, the metaphors are very bold, but juſt; I muſt, however, obſerve, that the metaphors are not thick ſown in Milton, which always ſavours too much of wit; that they never claſh with one another, which, as Ariſtotle obſerves, turns a ſentence into a kind of enigma or riddle; and that he ſeldom has recourſe to them where the proper and natural words will do as well.

Another way of raiſing the Language, and giving it a poetical turn, is to make uſe of the idioms of other tongues. Virgil is full of the Greek forms of ſpeech, which the critics call Helleniſms, as Horace, in his odes, abounds with them much more than Virgil. I need not mention the ſeveral dialects which Homer has made uſe of for this end. Milton, in conformity with the practice of the ancient poets, and with Ariſtotle's rule, has infuſed a great many Latiniſms as well as Græciſms, and ſometimes Hebraiſms, into the language of his Poem; as towards the beginning of it;

Nor did they not perceive the evil plight
In which they were, or the fierce pains not feel;
Yet to their General's voice they ſoon obey'd.

-----Who ſhall tempt with wand'ring feet
The dark unbottom'd infinite abyſs,
And through the palpable obſcure find out
His uncouth way, or ſpread his airy flight.
Upborne with indefatigable wings
Over the vaſt abrupt!

-----So both aſcend
In the viſions of God----- Book xi.

Under this head may be reckoned the placing the adjective after the fubftantive, the tranfpofition of words, the turning the adjective into a fubftantive, with feveral other foreign modes of fpeech, which this Poet has naturalized to give his verfe the greater found, and throw it out of profe.

The third method mentioned by Ariftotle is what agrees with the genius of the Greek language more than with that of any other tongue, and is therefore more ufed by Homer than by any other poet; I mean the lengthening of a phrafe by the addition of words which may either be inferted or omitted, as alfo by the extending or contracting of particular words, by the infertion or omiffion of certain fyllables. Milton has put in practice this method of raifing his language, as far as the nature of our tongue will permit, as in the paffage above mentioned, *eremite*, for what is hermit, in common difcourfe. If you obferve the meafure of his verfe, he has with great judgment fuppreffed a fyllable in feveral words, and fhortened thofe of two fyllables into one, by which method, befides the abovementioned advantage, he has given a greater variety to his numbers: but this practice is more particularly remarkable in the names of perfons and of countries, as *Beëlzebub*, *Hefebon*, and in many other particulars, wherein he has either changed the name, or made ufe of that which is not the moft commonly known, that he might the better depart from the language of the vulgar.

The ſame reaſon recommended to him ſeveral old words, which alſo makes his Poem appear the more venerable, and gives it a greater air of antiquity.

I muſt likewiſe take notice that there are in Milton ſeveral words of his own coining, as *Cerberean*, *miſ-created*, *hell-doom'd*, *embryon* atoms, and many others. If the reader is offended at this liberty in our Engliſh poet, I would recommend him to a diſcourſe in Plutarch, which ſhows us how frequently Homer has made uſe of the ſame liberty.

Milton, by the above-mentioned helps, and by the choice of the nobleſt words and phraſes which our tongue would afford him, has carried our Language to a greater heighth than any of the Engliſh poets have ever done before or after him, and made the ſublimity of his Style equal to that of his Sentiments.

I have been the more particular in theſe obſervations on Milton's Style, becauſe it is that part of him in which he appears the moſt ſingular. The remarks I have here made upon the practice of other poets, with my obſervations out of Ariſtotle, will perhaps alleviate the prejudice which ſome have taken to his Poem upon this account; though, after all, I muſt confeſs that I think his Style, though admirable in general, is in ſome places too much ſtiffened and obſcured by the frequent uſe of thoſe methods which Ariſtotle has preſcribed for the raiſing of it.

This redundancy of thoſe ſeveral ways of ſpeech, which Ariſtotle calls Foreign Language, and with which

Milton has ſo very much enriched, and in ſome places darkened, the language of his Poem, was the more proper for his uſe, becauſe his Poem is written in blank verſe. Rhyme, without any other aſſiſtance, throws the language off from proſe, and very often makes an indifferent phraſe paſs unregarded; but where the verſe is not built upon rhymes, there pomp of ſound, and energy of expreſſion, are indiſpenſably neceſſary to ſupport the ſtyle, and keep it from falling into the flatneſs of proſe.

Thoſe who have not a taſte for this elevation of Style, and are apt to ridicule a poet when he goes out of the common forms of expreſſion, would do well to ſee how Ariſtotle has treated an ancient author, called Euclid, for his inſipid mirth upon this occaſion. Mr. Dryden uſed to call this ſort of men his proſe critics.

I ſhould, under this head of the Language, conſider Milton's Numbers, in which he has made uſe of ſeveral eliſions that are not cuſtomary among other Engliſh poets, as may be particularly obſerved in his cutting off the letter *Y*, when it precedes a vowel. This, and ſome other innovations in the meaſure of his verſe, has varied his Numbers in ſuch a manner as makes them incapable of ſatiating the ear and cloying the reader, which the ſame uniform meaſure would certainly have done, and which the perpetual returns of rhyme never fail to do in long narrative poems. I ſhall cloſe theſe reflections upon the Language of Pa-

radiſe Loſt with obſerving, that Milton has copied after Homer, rather than Virgil, in the length of his periods, the copiouſneſs of his phraſes, and the running of his verſes into one another.

I have now conſidered Milton's Paradiſe Loſt under thoſe four great heads of the Fable, the Characters, the Sentiments, and the Language, and have ſhown that he excels, in general, under each of theſe heads. I hope that I have made ſeveral diſcoveries which may appear new, even to thoſe who are verſed in critical learning. Were I, indeed, to chuſe my readers, by whoſe judgment I would ſtand or fall, they ſhould not be ſuch as are acquainted only with the French and Italian critics, but alſo with the Ancient and Modern who have written in either of the learned languages. Above all, I would have them well verſed in the Greek and Latin poets, without which a man very often fancies that he underſtands a critic, when in reality he does not comprehend his meaning.

It is in criticiſm as in all other ſciences and ſpeculations; one who brings with him any implicit notions and obſervations which he has made in his reading of the poets will find his own reflections methodized and explained, and, perhaps, ſeveral little hints that had paſſed in his mind perfected and improved in the works of a good critic; whereas one who has not theſe previous lights is very often an utter ſtranger to what he reads, and apt to put a wrong interpretation upon it.

Nor is it ſufficient that a man who ſets up for a

judge in criticifm fhould have perufed the authors above mentioned, unlefs he has alfo a clear and logical head. Without this talent he is perpetually puzzled and perplexed amidft his own blunders, miftakes the fenfe of thofe he would confute, or, if he chances to think right, does not know how to convey his thoughts to another with clearnefs and perfpicuity. Ariftotle, who was the beft critic, was alfo one of the beft logicians that ever appeared in the world.

Mr. Locke's Effay on Human Underftanding would be thought a very odd book for a man to make himfelf mafter of who would get a reputation by critical writings; though, at the fame time, it is very certain that an author who has not learned the art of diftinguifhing between words and things, and of ranging his thoughts, and fetting them in proper lights, whatever notions he may have, will lofe himfelf in confufion and obfcurity. I might further obferve, that there is not a Greek or Latin critic who has not fhown, even in the ftyle of his criticifms, that he was a mafter of the elegance and delicacy of his native tongue.

The truth of it is, there is nothing more abfurd than for a man to fet up for a critic without a good infight into all the parts of learning; whereas many of thofe who have endeavoured to fignalize themfelves by works of this nature among our Englifh writers, are not only defective in the above-mentioned particulars, but plainly difcover, by the phrafes which they make ufe of, and by their confufed way of thinking,

that they are not acquainted with the moſt common and ordinary ſyſtems of arts and ſciences. A few general rules extracted out of the French authors, with a certain cant of words, has ſometimes ſet up an illiterate heavy writer for a moſt judicious and formidable critic.

One great mark by which you may diſcover a critic who has neither taſte nor learning is this, that he ſeldom ventures to praiſe any paſſage in an author which has not been before received and applauded by the public, and that his criticiſm turns wholly upon little faults and errors. This part of a critic is ſo very eaſy to ſucceed in, that we find every ordinary reader, upon the publiſhing of a new poem, has wit and ill-nature enough to turn ſeveral paſſages of it into ridicule, and very often in the right place. This Mr. Dryden has very agreeably remarked in thoſe two celebrated lines,

> Errors, like ſtraws, upon the ſurface flow;
> He who would ſearch for pearls muſt dive below.

A true critic ought to dwell rather upon excellencies than imperfections to diſcover the concealed beauties of a writer, and communicate to the world ſuch things as are worth their obſervation. The moſt exquiſite words and fineſt ſtrokes of an author are thoſe which very often appear the moſt doubtful and exceptionable to a man who wants a reliſh for polite learning; and they are theſe which a ſour undiſtinguiſhing critic generally attacks with the greateſt violence. Tully

obſerves, that it is very eaſy to brand or fix a mark upon what he calls *verbum ardens*, or, as it may be rendered into Engliſh, a glowing, bold expreſſion, and to turn it into ridicule by a cold, ill-natured criticiſm. A little wit is equally capable of expoſing a beauty and of aggravating a fault; and though ſuch a treatment of an author naturally produces indignation in the mind of an underſtanding reader, it has, however, its effect among the generality of thoſe whoſe hands it falls into, the rabble of mankind being very apt to think that every thing which is laughed at with any mixture of wit is ridiculous in itſelf.

Such a mirth as this is always unſeaſonable in a critic, as it rather prejudices the reader than convinces him, and is capable of making a beauty as well as a blemiſh the ſubject of deriſion. A man who cannot write with wit on a proper ſubject is dull and ſtupid; but one who ſhows it in an improper place is as impertinent and abſurd. Beſides, a man who has the gift of ridicule is apt to find fault with any thing that gives him an opportunity of exerting his beloved talent, and very often cenſures a paſſage, not becauſe there is any fault in it, but becauſe he can be merry upon it. Such kinds of pleaſantry are very unfair and diſingenuous in works of criticiſm, in which the greateſt maſters, both ancient and modern, have always appeared with a ſerious and inſtructive air.

As I intend, in my next paper, to ſhow the defects in Milton's Paradiſe Loſt, I thought fit to premiſe

these few particulars, to the end that the reader may know I enter upon it as on a very ungrateful work, and that I shall just point at the imperfections, without endeavouring to inflame them with ridicule. I must also observe with Longinus, that the productions of a great genius, with many lapses and inadvertencies, are infinitely preferable to the works of an inferior kind of author, which are scrupulously exact, and conformable to all the rules of correct writing.

I shall conclude my paper with a story out of Boccalini, which sufficiently shows us the opinion that judicious author entertained of the sort of critics I have been here mentioning. A famous critic, says he, having gathered together all the faults of an eminent poet, made a present of them to Apollo, who received them very graciously, and resolved to make the author a suitable return for the trouble he had been at in collecting them. In order to this, he set before him a sack of wheat as it had been just threshed out of the sheaf. He then bid him pick out the chaff from among the corn, and lay it aside by itself. The critic applied himself to the task with great industry and pleasure, and, after having made the due separation, was presented by Apollo with the chaff for his pains.

After what I have said, I shall enter on the subject without farther preface, and remark the several defects which appear in the Fable, the Characters, the Sentiments, and the Language, of Milton's Paradise

Loſt; not doubting but the reader will pardon me if I alledge, at the ſame time, whatever may be ſaid for the extenuation of ſuch defects. The firſt imperfection which I ſhall obſerve in the Fable is, that the event of it is unhappy.

The fable of every poem is, according to Ariſtotle's diviſion, either ſimple or implex. It is called ſimple, when there is no change of fortune in it; implex, when the fortune of the chief actor changes from bad to good, or from good to bad. The implex fable is thought the moſt perfect; I ſuppoſe becauſe it is more proper to ſtir up the paſſions of the reader, and to ſurpriſe him with a greater variety of accidents.

The implex fable is therefore of two kinds. In the firſt, the chief actor makes his way through a long ſeries of dangers and difficulties, till he arrives at honour and proſperity, as we ſee in the ſtory of Ulyſſes. In the ſecond, the chief actor in the poem falls from ſome eminent pitch of honour and proſperity into miſery and diſgrace. Thus we ſee Adam and Eve ſinking from a ſtate of innocence and happineſs into the moſt abject condition of ſin and ſorrow.

The moſt taking tragedies among the Ancients were built on this laſt ſort of implex fable, particularly the tragedy of Oedipus, which proceeds upon a ſtory, if we may believe Ariſtotle, the moſt proper for tragedy that could be invented by the wit of man. I have taken ſome pains, in a former paper, to ſhow that this kind of implex fable, wherein the event is

unhappy, is more apt to affect an audience than that of the first kind; notwithstanding many excellent pieces among the Ancients, as well as most of those which have been written of late years in our own country, are raised upon contrary plans. I must, however, own that I think this kind of fable, which is the most perfect in tragedy, is not so proper for an heroic poem.

Milton seems to have been sensible of this imperfection in his Fable, and has therefore endeavoured to cure it by several expedients; particularly by the mortification which the great adversary of mankind meets with upon his return to the assembly of infernal spirits, as it is described in a beautiful passage of the Tenth Book; and likewise by the vision wherein Adam, at the close of the Poem, sees his offspring triumphing over his great enemy, and himself restored to a happier paradise than that from which he fell.

There is another objection against Milton's Fable, which is indeed almost the same with the former, though placed in a different light, namely, that the hero in the Paradise Lost is unsuccessful, and by no means a match for his enemies. This gave occasion to Mr. Dryden's reflection, that the devil was in reality Milton's hero. I think I have obviated this objection in my first paper. The Paradise Lost is an epic or a narrative poem, and he that looks for an hero in it searches for that which Milton never intended; but if he will needs fix the name of an hero upon any person in it, it is certain the Messiah is the

hero, both in the principal action, and in the chief episodes. Paganism could not furnish out a real action for a fable greater than that of the Iliad or Æneid, and therefore an Heathen could not form a higher notion of a poem than one of that kind which they call an Heroic. Whether Milton's is not of a sublimer nature I will not presume to determine: it is sufficient that I show there is in the Paradise Lost all the greatness of plan, regularity of design, and masterly beauties, which we discover in Homer and Virgil.

I must, in the next place, observe that Milton has interwoven in the texture of his Fable some particulars which do not seem to have probability enough for an epic poem, particularly in the actions which he ascribes to Sin and Death, and the picture which he draws of the Limbo of Vanity, with other passages in the Second Book. Such allegories rather favour of the spirit of Spenser and Ariosto than of Homer and Virgil.

In the structure of this Poem he has likewise admitted of too many digressions. It is finely observed by Aristotle, that the author of an heroic poem should seldom speak himself, but throw as much of his work as he can into the mouths of those who are his principal actors. Aristotle has given no reason for this precept; but I presume it is because the mind of the reader is more awed and elevated when he hears Æneas or Achilles speak, than when Virgil or Homer talk

in their own perfons: befides that, affuming the character of an eminent man is apt to fire the imagination, and raife the ideas of the author. Tully tells us, mentioning his Dialogue of Old Age, in which Cato is the chief fpeaker, that upon a review of it he was agreeably impofed upon, and fancied that it was Cato, and not he himfelf, who uttered his thoughts on that fubject.

If the reader would be at the pains to fee how the ftory of the Iliad and Æneid is delivered by thofe perfons who act in it, he will be furprifed to find how little in either of thefe poems proceeds from the authors: Milton has, in the general difpofition of his Fable, very finely obferved this great rule; infomuch that there is fcarce a third part of it which comes from the Poet: the reft is fpoken either by Adam and Eve, or by fome good or evil fpirit who is engaged either in their deftruction or defenfe.

From what has been here obferved it appears that digreffions are by no means to be allowed of in an epic poem. If the poet, even in the ordinary courfe of his narration, fhould fpeak as little as poffible, he fhould certainly never let his narration fleep for the fake of any reflections of his own. I have often obferved, with a fecret admiration, that the longeft reflection in the Æneid is in that paffage of the Tenth Book, where Turnus is reprefented as dreffing himfelf in the fpoils of Pallas whom he had flain. Virgil here lets his fable ftand ftill for the fake of the following

remark; 'How is the mind of men ignorant of futurity, and unable to bear profperous fortune with 'moderation? The time will come when Turnus fhall 'wifh that he had left the body of Pallas untouched, 'and curfe the day on which he dreffed himfelf in 'thefe fpoils.' As the great event of the Æneid, and the death of Turnus, whom Æneas flew, becaufe he faw him adorned with the fpoils of Pallas, turns upon this incident, Virgil went out of his way to make this reflection upon it, without which fo fmall a circumftance might poffibly have flipped out of his reader's memory. Lucan, who was an injudicious poet, lets drop his ftory very frequently for the fake of his unneceffary digreffions, or his *diverticula*, as Scaliger calls them. If he gives us an account of the prodigies which preceded the Civil war, he declaims upon the occafion, and fhows how much happier it would be for man if he did not feel his evil fortune before it comes to pafs, and fuffer not only by its real weight, but by the apprehenfion of it. Milton's complaint of his blindnefs, his panegyric on marriage, his reflections on Adam and Eve's going naked, of the angels eating, and feveral other paffages in his Poem, are liable to the fame exception, though, I muft confefs, there is fo great a beauty in thefe very digreffions that I would not wifh them out of his Poem.

I have, in a former paper, fpoken of the characters of Milton's Paradife Loft, and declared my opinion as to the allegorical perfons who are introduced in it,

If we look into the Sentiments, I think they are ſometimes defective under the following heads. Firſt, as there are ſeveral of them too much pointed, and ſome that degenerate even into puns. Of this laſt kind I am afraid is that in the Firſt Book, where, ſpeaking of the pigmies, he calls them

------the ſmall infantry
Warr'd on by cranes------

Another blemiſh that appears in ſome of his thoughts is his frequent alluſion to Heathen fables, which are not certainly of a piece with the divine ſubject of which he treats. I do not find fault with theſe alluſions, where the Poet himſelf repreſents them as fabulous, as he does in ſome places, but where he mentions them as truths and matters of fact. The limits of my paper will not give me leave to be particular in inſtances of this kind: the reader will eaſily remark them in his peruſal of the Poem.

A third fault in his Sentiments is an unneceſſary oſtentation of learning, which likewiſe occurs very frequently. It is certain that both Homer and Virgil were maſters of all the learning of their times, but it ſhows itſelf in their works after an indirect and concealed manner. Milton ſeems ambitious of letting us know, by his excurſions on free will and predeſtination, and his many glances upon hiſtory, aſtronomy, geography, and the like, as well as by the terms and phraſes he ſometimes makes uſe of, that he was acquainted with the whole circle of arts and ſciences.

If, in the laſt place, we conſider the Language of this great Poet, we muſt allow what I have hinted in a former paper, that it is often too much laboured, and ſometimes obſcured by old words, tranſpoſitions, and foreign idioms. Seneca's objection to the ſtyle of a great author, *Riget ejus oratio, nihil in ea placidum, nihil lene*, is what many critics make to Milton. As I cannot wholly refute it, ſo I have already apologized for it in another paper; to which I may farther add, that Milton's ſentiments and ideas were ſo wonderfully ſublime, that it would have been impoſſible for him to have repreſented them in their full ſtrength and beauty without having recourſe to theſe foreign aſſiſtances. Our language ſunk under him, and was unequal to that greatneſs of ſoul which furniſhed him with ſuch glorious conceptions.

A ſecond fault in his Language is, that he often affects a kind of jingle in his words, as in the following paſſages, and many others:

> That brought into this world a world of woe.
>
> ——Begirt th' almighty throne,
> Beſeeching or beſieging——
>
> This tempted our attempt——
>
> At one ſlight bound high overleap'd all bound.

I know there are figures for this kind of ſpeech; that ſome of the greateſt Ancients have been guilty of it; and that Ariſtotle himſelf has given it a place in his Rhetoric among the beauties of that art; but as it is in itſelf poor and trifling, it is, I think, at

prefent, univerfally exploded by all the mafters of polite writing.

The laft fault which I fhall take notice of in Milton's Style is the frequent ufe of what the learned call technical words, or terms of art. It is one of the great beauties of poetry to make hard things intelligible, and to deliver what is abftrufe of itfelf in fuch eafy language as may be underftood by ordinary readers: befides that, the knowledge of a poet fhould rather feem born with him, or infpired, than drawn from books and fyftems. I have often wondered how Mr. Dryden could tranflate a paffage out of Virgil after the following manner,

> Tack to the larboard, and ftand off to fea,
> Veer ftarboard fea and land.---

Milton makes ufe of larboard in the fame manner. When he is upon building, he mentions Doric pillars, pilafters, cornice, frieze, architrave. When he talks of heavenly bodies, you meet with ecliptic and eccentric, the trepidation, ftars dropping from the zenith, rays culminating from the equator. To which might be added many inftances of the like kind in feveral other arts and fciences.

I fhall, in my next papers, give an account of the many particular beauties in Milton, which would have been too long to infert under thofe general heads I have already treated of, and with which I intend to conclude this piece of Criticifm.

I have feen in the works of a modern philofopher a map of the fpots in the fun. My laft paper of the faults and blemifhes in Milton's Paradife Loft may be confidered as a piece of the fame nature. To purfue the allufion; as it is obferved that among the bright parts of the luminous body above mentioned there are fome which glow more intenfely, and dart a ftronger light than others; fo, notwithftanding I have already fhown Milton's poem to be very beautiful in general, I fhall now proceed to take notice of fuch beauties as appear to me more exquifite than the reft *.

* This he accordingly did in twelve different papers in the Spectator.

IN

PARADISUM AMISSAM

SUMMI POETÆ

JOHANNIS MILTONI.

Qui legis Amiſſam Paradiſum, grandia magni
  Carmina Miltoni, quid niſi cuncta legis?
Res cunctas, et cunctarum primordia rerum,
  Et fata, et fines continet iſte liber.
Intima panduntur magni penetralia mundi,
  Scribitur et toto quicquid in orbe latet:
Terræque, tractuſque maris, cœlumque profundum,
  Sulphureumque Erebi, flammivomumque ſpecus:
Quæque colunt terras, pontumque, et Tartara cæca,
  Quæque colunt ſummi lucida regna poli:
Et quodcunque ullis concluſum eſt finibus uſquam,
  Et ſine fine Chaos, et ſine fine Deus:
Et ſine fine magis, ſi quid magis eſt ſine fine,
  In Chriſto erga homines conciliatus amor.
Hæc qui ſperaret quis crederet eſſe futura?
  Et tamen hæc hodie terra Britanna legit.
O quantos in bella duces! quæ protulit arma!
  Quæ canit, et quanta prælia dira tuba!
Cœleſtes acies! atque in certamine cœlum!
  Et quæ cœleſtes pugna deceret agros!

Quantus in æthereis tollit ſe Lucifer armis!
  Atque ipſo graditur vix Michaele minor!
Quantis, et quam funeſtis concurritur iris,
  Dum ferus hic ſtellas protegit, ille rapit!
Dum vulſos montes ceu tela reciproca torquent,
  Et non mortali deſuper igne pluunt:
Stat dubius cui ſe parti concedat Olympus,
  Et metuit pugnæ non ſupereſſe ſuæ.
At ſimul in cœlis Meſſiæ inſignia fulgent,
  Et currus animes, armaque digna Deo,
Horrendumque rotæ ſtrident, et ſæva rotarum
  Erumpunt torvis fulgura luminibus,
Et flammæ vibrant, et vera tonitrua rauco
  Admiſtis flammis inſonuere polo:
Excidit attonitis mens omnis, et impetus omnis,
  Et caſſis dextris irrita tela cadunt;
Ad pœnas fugiunt, et ceu foret Orcus aſylum,
  Infernis certant condere ſe tenebris.
Cedite Romani ſcriptores, cedite Graii,
  Et quos fama recens vel celebravit anus.
Hæc quicunque leget tantùm ceciniſſe putabit
  Mæonidem ranas, Virgilium culices.

SAMUEL BARROW. M. D.

ON PARADISE LOST.

When I beheld the Poet blind, yet bold,
In ſlender book his vaſt deſign unfold,
Meſſiah crown'd, God's reconcil'd decree,
Rebelling angels, the forbidden tree,
Heaven, hell, earth, chaos, all; the argument
Held me a while miſdoubting his intent,
That he would ruin (for I ſaw him ſtrong)
The ſacred truths to fable and old ſong;
(So Sampſon grop'd the temple's poſts in ſpite)
The world o'erwhelming to revenge his ſight.
  Yet as I read, ſtill growing leſs ſevere,
I lik'd his project, the ſucceſs did fear,
Through that wide field how he his way ſhould find,
O'er which lame Faith leads Underſtanding blind;
Leſt he perplex'd the things he would explain,
And what was eaſy he ſhould render vain.
  Or if a work ſo infinite he ſpann'd,
Jealous I was, that ſome leſs ſkilful hand
(Such as diſquiet always what is well,
And by ill imitating would excel)
Might hence preſume the whole creation's day
To change in ſcenes, and ſhow it in a play.
  Pardon me, mighty Poet! nor deſpiſe
My cauſeleſs, yet not impious, ſurmiſe.
But I am now convinc'd, and none will dare
Within thy labours to pretend a ſhare.

Thou haſt not miſs'd one thought that could be fit,
And all that was improper doſt omit;
So that no room is here for writers left,
But to detect their ignorance or theft.
That majeſty which through thy Work doth reign;
Draws the devout, deterring the profane:
And things divine thou treat'ſt of in ſuch ſtate
As them preſerves, and thee, inviolate.
At once delight and horror on us ſeize,
Thou ſing'ſt with ſo much gravity and eaſe;
And above human flight doſt ſoar aloft
With plume ſo ſtrong, ſo equal, and ſo ſoft;
The bird nam'd from that Paradiſe you ſing
So never flags, but always keeps on wing.
Where couldſt thou words of ſuch a compaſs find?
Whence furniſh ſuch a vaſt expenſe of mind?
Juſt Heav'n thee, like Tireſias, to requite,
Rewards with propheſy thy loſs of ſight.
Well might'ſt thou ſcorn thy readers to allure
With tinkling rhyme, of thy own ſenſe ſecure;
While the Town-Bays writes all the while and ſpells,
And like a pack-horſe tires without his bells:
Their fancies like our buſhy points appear,
The poets tag them, we for faſhion wear.
I too, tranſported by the mode, commend,
And while I meant to praiſe thee, muſt offend.
Thy verſe, created, like thy theme, ſublime,
In number, weight, and meaſure, needs not rhyme.

ANDREW MARVEL.

THE VERSE.

THE measure is English heroic verse without rime, as that of Homer in Greek, and of Virgil in Latin; rime being no necessary adjunct or true ornament of poem or good verse, in longer works especially, but the invention of a barbarous age, to set off wretched matter and lame meter; grac'd indeed since by the use of some famous modern poets, carried away by custom, but much to their own vexation, hindrance, and constraint to express many things otherwise, and for the most part, worse than else they would have express'd them. Not without cause, therefore, some both Italian and Spanish poets of prime note have rejected rime both in longer and shorter works, as have also long since our best English tragedies, as a thing of itself, to all judicious ears, trivial, and of no true musical delight; which consists only in apt numbers, fit quantity of syllables, and the sense variously drawn out from one verse into another, not in the jingling sound of like endings, a fault avoided by the learned Ancients both in poetry and all good oratory. This neglect, then, of rime, so little is to be taken for a defect, though it may seem so perhaps to vulgar readers, that it rather is to be esteemed an example set, the first in English, of ancient liberty recovered to heroic poem, from the troublesome and modern bondage of riming.

PARADISE LOST.

BOOK I.

The Argument.

This First Book propofes, firft in brief, the whole fubject, Man's difobedience, and the lofs thereupon of Paradife wherein he was plac'd: then touches the prime caufe of his fall, the ferpent, or rather Satan in the ferpent; who revolting from God, and drawing to his fide many legions of angels, was by the command of God driven out of Heaven with all his crew into the great Deep. Which action pafs'd over, the Poem haftes into the midft of things, prefenting Satan with his angels now falling into Hell, defcrib'd here, not in the center (for Heaven and Earth may be fuppos'd as yet not made, certainly not yet accurs'd) but in a place of utter darknefs, fitlieft call'd Chaos: here Satan with his angels lying on the burning lake, thunder-ftruck and aftonifh'd, after a certain fpace recovers as from confufion, calls up him who next in order and dignity lay by him; they confer of their miferable fall. Satan awakens all his legions, who lay till then in the fame manner confounded: they rife, their numbers, array of battel, their chief leaders nam'd, according to the idols known afterwards in Canaan and the countries adjoining. To thefe Satan directs his fpeech, comforts them with hope yet of regaining Heaven, but tells them, laftly, of a new world and new kind of creature to be created, according to an ancient prophecy or report in Heaven; for that angels were long before this vifible creation was the opinion of many ancient Fathers. To find out the truth of this prophecy, and what to determine thereon, he refers to a full council. What his affociates thence attempt. Pandemonium the palace of Satan rifes, fuddenly built out of the Deep: the Infernal Peers there fit in council.

Of Man's firft difobedience, and the fruit
Of that forbidden Tree, whofe mortal tafte
Brought death into the world, and all our woe,
With lofs of Eden, till one greater Man
Reftore us, and regain the blifsful feat,

Sing heav'nly Muſe, that on the ſecret top
Of Oreb, or of Sinai, didſt inſpire
That Shepherd, who firſt taught the Choſen Seed,
In the beginning how the Heav'ns and Earth
Roſe out of Chaos: or if Sion hill
Delight thee more, and Siloa's brook that flow'd
Faſt by the oracle of God; I thence
Invoke thy aid to my adventrous ſong,
That with no middle flight intends to ſoar
Above th' Aonian mount, while it purſues
Things unattempted yet in proſe or rhime.
And chiefly Thou, O Spi'rit, that doſt prefer
Before all temples th' upright heart and pure,
Inſtruct me, for Thou know'ſt; Thou from the firſt
Waſt preſent, and with mighty wings outſpread
Dove-like ſatſt brooding on the vaſt abyſs,
And mad'ſt it pregnant: what in me is dark
Illumin, what is low raiſe and ſupport;
That to the height of this great argument
I may aſſert eternal Providence,
And juſtify the ways of God to men.
   Say firſt, for Heav'n hides nothing from thy view,
Nor the deep tract of Hell, ſay firſt what cauſe
Mov'd our grand parents, in that happy ſtate,
Favor'd of Heav'n ſo highly, to fall off
From their Creator, and tranſgreſs his will
For one reſtraint, lords of the world beſides?
Who firſt ſeduc'd them to that foul revolt?

Th' infernal Serpent; he it was, whofe guile,
Stirr'd up with envy and revenge, deceiv'd
The Mother of mankind, what time his pride
Had caft him out from Heav'n, with all his hoft
Of rebel angels, by whofe aid afpiring
To fet himfelf in glory' above his peers,
He trufted to have equall'd the Moft High,
If he oppos'd; and with ambitious aim
Againft the throne and monarchy of God
Rais'd impious war in Heav'n and battel proud
With vain attempt. Him the Almighty Power
Hurl'd headlong flaming from th' ethereal fky,
With hideous ruin and combuftion, down
To bottomlefs perdition, there to dwell
In adamantin chains and penal fire,
Who durft defy th' Omnipotent to arms.
Nine times the fpace that meafures day and night
To mortal men, he with his horrid crew
Lay vanquifh'd, rolling in the fiery gulf,
Confounded though immortal: but his doom
Referv'd him to more wrath; for now the thought
Both of loft happinefs and lafting pain
Torments him; round he throws his baleful eyes,
That witnefs'd huge affliction and difmay
Mix'd with obdurate pride and ftedfaft hate:
At once, as far as angels' ken, he views
The difmal fituation wafte and wild;
A dungeon horrible on all fides round

As one great furnace flam'd, yet from thoſe flames
No light, but rather darkneſs viſible
Serv'd only to diſcover ſights of woe,
Regions of ſorrow, doleful ſhades, where Peace
And Reſt can never dwell, Hope never comes
That comes to all; but torture without end
Still urges, and a fiery deluge, fed
With ever-burning ſulphur unconſum'd:
Such place eternal Juſtice had prepar'd
For thoſe rebellious, here their pris'on ordain'd
In utter darkneſs, and their portion ſet
As far remov'd from God and light of Heav'n
As from the center thrice to th' utmoſt pole.
O how unlike the place from whence they fell!
There the companions of his fall, o'erwhelm'd
With floods and whirlwinds of tempeſtuous fire,
He ſoon diſcerns, and welt'ring by his ſide
One next himſelf in pow'r, and next in crime,
Long after known in Paleſtine, and nam'd
Beëlzebub. To whom th'Arch-enemy,
And thence in Heav'n call'd Satan, with bold words
Breaking the horrid ſilence thus began.

If thou beeſt he; but O how fall'n! how chang'd
From him, who in the happy realms of Light
Cloth'd with tranſcendent brightneſs didſt outſhine
Myriads though bright! If he who mutual league,
United thoughts and counſels, equal hope
And hazard in the glorious enterpriſe,

Join'd with me once, now miſery hath join'd
In equal ru'in: into what pit thou ſeeſt
From what highth fall'n, ſo much the ſtronger prov'd
He with his thunder: and till then who knew
The force of thoſe dire arms? yet not for thoſe,
Nor what the potent Victor in his rage
Can elſe inflict, do I repent or change,
Though chang'd in outward luſtre, that fix'd mind,
And high diſdain from ſenſe of injur'd merit,
That with the Mightieſt rais'd me to contend,
And to the fierce contention brought along
Innumerable force of ſpi'rits arm'd,
That durſt diſlike his reign, and me preferring,
His utmoſt pow'r with adverſe pow'r oppos'd
In dubious battel on the plains of Heav'n,
And ſhook his throne. What though the field be loſt?
All is not loſt; th' unconquerable will,
And ſtudy of revenge, immortal hate,
And courage never to ſubmit or yield,
And what is elſe not to be overcome;
That glory never ſhall his wrath or might
Extort from me. To bow and ſue for grace
With ſuppliant knee, and deify his power,
Who from the terror of this arm ſo late
Doubted his empire; that were low indeed,
That were an ignominy' and ſhame beneath
This downfall; ſince by fate the ſtrength of gods
And this empyreal ſubſtance cannot fail,

Since through experience of this great event
In arms not worſe, in foreſight much advanc'd,
We may with more ſucceſsful hope reſolve
To wage by force or guile eternal war,
Irreconcileable to our grand Foe,
Who now triumphs, and in th' exceſs of joy
Sole reigning holds the tyranny of Heav'n.
So ſpake th' apoſtate angel, though in pain,
Vaunting aloud, but rack'd with deep deſpair:
And him thus anſwer'd ſoon his bold compeer.
O Prince, O Chief of many throned powers,
That led th' imbattel'd ſeraphim to war
Under thy conduct, and in dreadful deeds
Fearleſs, indanger'd Heav'n's perpetual King,
And put to proof his high ſupremacy,
Whether upheld by ſtrength, or chance, or fate;
Too well I ſee and rue the dire event,
That with ſad overthrow and foul defeat
Hath loſt us Heav'n, and all this mighty hoſt
In horrible deſtruction laid thus low,
As far as gods and heav'nly eſſences
Can periſh: for the mind and ſpi'rit remains
Invincible, and vigor ſoon returns,
Though all our glory' extinct, and happy ſtate
Here ſwallow'd up in endleſs miſery.
But what if he our Conqu'ror (whom I now
Of force believe almighty, ſince no leſs
Than ſuch could have o'erpow'r'd ſuch force as ours)

Have left us this our ſpi'rit and ſtrength entire
Strongly to ſuffer and ſupport our pains,
That we may ſo ſuffice his vengeful ire,
Or do him mightier ſervice as his thralls
By right of war, whate'er his bus'neſs be,
Here in the heart of Hell to work in fire,
Or do his errands in the gloomy Deep;
What can it then avail, though yet we feel
Strength undiminiſh'd, or eternal being
To undergo eternal puniſhment?
Whereto with ſpeedy words th'Arch-fiend reply'd.
Fall'n Cherub, to be weak is miſerable
Doing or ſuffering: but of this be ſure,
To do ought good never will be our taſk,
But ever to do ill our ſole delight,
As be'ing the contrary to his high will
Whom we reſiſt. If then his providence
Out of our evil ſeek to bring forth good,
Our labor muſt be to pervert that end,
And out of good ſtill to find means of evil;
Which oft-times may ſucceed, ſo as perhaps
Shall grieve him, if I fail not, and diſturb
His inmoſt counſels from their deſtin'd aim.
But ſee the angry Victor hath recall'd
His miniſters of vengeance and purſuit
Back to the gates of Heav'n: the ſulph'rous hail
Shot after us in ſtorm, o'erblown hath laid
The fiery ſurge, that from the precipice

Of Heav'n receiv'd us falling; and the thunder,
Wing'd with red lightning and impetuous rage,
Perhaps hath ſpent his ſhafts, and ceaſes now
To bellow through the vaſt and boundleſs Deep.
Let us not ſlip th' occaſion, whether ſcorn,
Or ſatiate fury yield it from our foe.
Seeſt thou yon dreary plain, forlorn and wild,
The ſeat of Deſolation, void of light,
Save what the glimmering of theſe livid flames
Caſts pale and dreadful? thither let us tend
From off the toſſing of theſe fiery waves,
There reſt, if any reſt can harbour there,
And re-aſſembling our afflicted powers,
Conſult how we may henceforth moſt offend
Our Enemy, our own loſs how repair,
How overcome this dire calamity,
What reinforcement we may gain from hope,
If not what reſolution from deſpair.
   Thus Satan talking to his neareſt mate
With head up-lift above the wave, and eyes
That ſparkling blaz'd, his other parts beſides
Prone on the flood, extended long and large
Lay floting many a rood, in bulk as huge
As whom the fables name of monſtrous ſize,
Titanian, or Earth-born, that warr'd on Jove,
Briareos or Typhon, whom the den
By ancient Tarſus held, or that ſea-beaſt
Leviathan, which God of all his works

Created hugeſt that ſwim th' ocean ſtream:
Him haply ſlumb'ring on the Norway foam
The pilot of ſome ſmall night-founder'd ſkiff
Deeming ſome iland, oft, as ſea-men tell,
With fixed anchor in his ſkaly rind
Moors by his ſide under the lee, while night
Inveſts the ſea, and wiſhed morn delays:
So ſtretch'd out huge in length the Arch-fiend lay
Chain'd on the burning lake, nor ever thence
Had riſ'n or heav'd his head, but that the will
And high permiſſion of all-ruling Heaven
Left him at large to his own dark deſigns,
That with reiterated crimes he might
Heap on himſelf damnation, while he ſought
Evil to others, and enrag'd might ſee
How all his malice ſerv'd but to bring forth
Infinite goodneſs, grace and mercy ſhown
On Man by him ſeduc'd, but on himſelf
Treble confuſion, wrath and vengeance pour'd.
Forthwith upright he rears from off the pool
His mighty ſtature; on each hand the flames
Driv'n backward ſlope their pointing ſpires, and
In billows, leave i' th' midſt a horrid vale. [roll'd
Then with expanded wings he ſteers his flight
Aloft, incumbent on the duſky air
That felt unuſual weight, till on dry land
He lights, if it were land that ever burn'd
With ſolid, as the lake with liquid fire;

And ſuch appear'd in hue, as when the force
Of ſubterranean wind tranſports a hill
Torn from Pelorus, or the ſhatter'd ſide
Of thund'ring Ætna, whoſe combuſtible
And fuel'd entrails thence conceiving fire,
Sublim'd with mineral fury, aid the winds,
And leave a ſinged bottom all involv'd
With ſtench and ſmoke: ſuch reſting found the ſole
Of unbleſt feet. Him follow'd his next mate,
Both glorying to have 'ſcap'd the Stygian flood
As gods, and by their own recover'd ſtrength,
Not by the ſuff'rance of ſupernal Power.
Is this the region, this the ſoil, the clime,
Said then the loſt Arch-angel, this the ſeat
That we muſt change for Heav'n, this mournful gloom
For that celeſtial light? Be' it ſo, ſince he
Who now is Sovran can diſpoſe and bid
What ſhall be right: fartheſt from him is beſt,
Whom reas'on hath equall'd, force hath made ſupreme
Above his equals. Farewel happy fields,
Where Joy for ever dwells: Hail Horrors, hail
Infernal World, and thou profoundeſt Hell
Receive thy new poſſeſſor; one who brings
A mind not to be chang'd by place or time.
The mind is its own place, and in itſelf
Can make a heav'n of Hell, a hell of Heav'n.
What matter where, if I be ſtill the ſame,
And what I ſhould be, all but leſs than he

Whom thunder hath made greater? Here at leaſt
We ſhall be free; th' Almighty hath not built
Here for his envy, will not drive us hence:
Here we may reign ſecure, and in my choice
To reign is worth ambition though in Hell:
Better to reign in Hell than ſerve in Heav'n.
But wherefore let we then our faithful friends,
Th' aſſociates and copartners of our loſs,
Lie thus aſtoniſh'd on th' oblivious pool,
And call them not to ſhare with us their part
In this unhappy manſion, or once more
With rallied arms to try what may be yet
Regain'd in Heav'n, or what more loſt in Hell?
  So Satan ſpake, and him Beëlzebub
Thus anſwer'd. Leader of thoſe armies bright,
Which but th' Omnipotent none could have foil'd,
If once they hear that voice, their livelieſt pledge
Of hope in fears and dangers, heard ſo oft
In worſt extremes, and on the perilous edge
Of battel when it rag'd, in all aſſaults
Their ſureſt ſignal, they will ſoon reſume
New courage and revive, though now they lie
Groveling and proſtrate on yon lake of fire,
As we ere while, aſtounded and amaz'd,
No wonder, fall'n ſuch a pernicious highth.
  He ſcarce had ceas'd when the ſuperior Fiend
Was moving tow'ard the ſhore; his pond'rous ſhield,
Ethereal temper, maſſy, large and round,

Behind him caſt; the broad circumference
Hung on his ſhoulders like the moon, whoſe orb
Through optic glaſs the Tuſcan artiſt views
At evening from the top of Feſolè,
Or in Valdarno, to deſcry new lands,
Rivers or mountains in her ſpotty globe.
His ſpear, to equal which the talleſt pine
Hewn on Norwegian hills, to be the maſt
Of ſome great ammiral, were but a wand,
He walk'd with to ſupport uneaſy ſteps
Over the burning marle, not like thoſe ſteps
On Heav'n's azure, and the torrid clime
Smote on him ſore beſides, vaulted with fire:
Nathleſs he ſo endur'd, till on the beach
Of that inflamed ſea he ſtood, and call'd
His legions, angel forms, who lay intranc'd
Thick as autumnal leaves that ſtrow the brooks
In Vallombroſa, where th' Etrurian ſhades
High over-arch'd imbow'r; or ſcatter'd ſedge
Afloat, when with fierce winds Orion arm'd
Hath vex'd the Red-ſea coaſt, whoſe waves o'erthrew
Buſiris and his Memphian chivalry,
While with perfidious hatred they purſued
The ſojourners of Goſhen, who beheld
From the ſafe ſhore their floting carcaſes
And broken chariot wheels: ſo thick beſtrown
Abject and loſt lay theſe, covering the flood,
Under amazement of their hideous change.

He call'd ſo loud, that all the hollow deep
Of Hell reſounded. Princes, Potentates,
Warriors, the flow'r of Heav'n, once yours, now loſt,
If ſuch aſtoniſhment as this can ſeiſe
Eternal ſpi'rits; or have ye choſ'n this place
After the toil of battel to repoſe
Your wearied virtue, for the eaſe you find
To ſlumber here, as in the vales of Heav'n?
Or in this abject poſture have ye ſworn
To' adore the Conqueror? who now beholds
Cherub and ſeraph rolling in the flood
With ſcatter'd arms and enſigns, till anon
His ſwift purſuers from Heav'n gates diſcern
Th' advantage, and deſcending tread us down
Thus drooping, or with linked thunderbolts
Transfix us to the bottom of this gulf.
Awake, ariſe, or be for ever fall'n.
 They heard, and were abaſh'd, and up they ſprung
Upon the wing, as when men wont to watch
On duty, ſleeping found by whom they dread,
Rouſe and beſtir themſelves ere well awake.
Nor did they not perceive the evil plight
In which they were, or the fierce pains not feel;
Yet to their General's voice they ſoon obey'd
Innumerable. As when the potent rod
Of Amram's ſon, in Egypt's evil day,
Wav'd round the coaſt, up call'd a pitchy cloud
Of locuſts, warping on the eaſtern wind,

That o'er the realm of impious Pharaoh hung
Like night, and darken'd all the land of Nile:
So numberlefs were thofe bad angels feen
Hovering on wing under the cope of Hell
'Twixt upper, nether, and furrounding fires;
Till, as a fignal giv'n, th' uplifted fpear
Of their great Sultan waving to direct
Their courfe, in even balance down they light
On the firm brimftone, and fill all the plain;
A multitude, like which the populous North
Pour'd never from her frozen loins, to pafs
Rhene or the Danaw, when her barb'rous fons
Came like a deluge on the South, and fpread
Beneath Gibraltar to the Lybian fands.
Forthwith from every fquadron and each band
The heads and leaders thither hafte where ftood
Their great Commander; godlike fhapes and forms
Excelling human, princely dignities,
And pow'rs that erft in Heaven fat on thrones;
Though of their names in heav'nly records now
Be no memorial, blotted out and ras'd
By their rebellion from the books of Life.
Nor had they yet among the fons of Eve
Got them new names, till wand'ring o'er the earth,
Through God's high fuff'rance for the tri'al of man,
By falfities and lies the greateft part
Of mankind they corrupted to forfake
God their Creator, and th' invifible

Glory of him that made them to transform
Oft to the image of a brute, adorn'd
With gay religions full of pomp and gold,
And devils to adore for deities:
Then were they known to men by various names,
And various idols through the Heathen world.
Say, Muſe, their names then known, who firſt, who laſt,
Rous'd from the ſlumber, on that fiery couch,
At their great Emp'ror's call, as next in worth
Came ſingly where he ſtood on the bare ſtrand,
While the promiſcuous croud ſtood yet aloof.
The chief were thoſe who from the pit of Hell
Roaming to ſeek their prey on earth, durſt fix
Their ſeats long after next the ſeat of God,
Their altars by his altar, gods ador'd
Among the nations round, and durſt abide
Jehovah thund'ring out of Sion, thron'd
Between the cherubim; yea, often plac'd
Within his ſanctuary itſelf their ſhrines,
Abominations; and with curſed things
His holy rites and ſolemn feaſts profan'd,
And with their darkneſs durſt affront his light.
Firſt Moloch, horrid king, beſmear'd with blood
Of human ſacrifice, and parents' tears,
Though for the noiſe of drums and timbrels loud
Their children's cries unheard, that paſs'd through fire
To his grim idol. Him the Ammonite
Worſhipt in Rabba and her watry plain,

In Argob and in Baſan, to the ſtream
Of utmoſt Arnon. Nor content with ſuch
Audacious neighbourhood, the wiſeſt heart
Of Solomon he led by fraud to build
His temple right againſt the temple' of God
On that opprobrious hill, and made his grove
The pleaſant valley' of Hinnom, Tophet thence
And black Gehenna call'd, the type of Hell.
Next Chemos, th' óbſcene dread of Moab's ſons,
From Aroar to Nebo, and the wild
Of ſouthmoſt Abarim; in Heſebon
And Horonaim, Seon's realm, beyond
The flow'ry dale of Sibma clad with vines,
And Eleälé to th' Aſphaltic pool.
Peor his other name, when he entic'd
Iſrael in Sittim on their march from Nile
To do him wanton rites, which coſt them woe.
Yet thence his luſtful orgies he inlarg'd
Ev'n to that hill of ſcandal, by the grove
Of Moloch homicide, luſt hard by hate;
Till good Joſiah drove them thence to Hell.
With theſe came they, who from the bord'ring flood
Of old Euphrates to the brook that parts
Egypt from Syrian ground, had general names
Of Baälim and Aſhtaroth, thoſe male,
Theſe feminine. For ſpirits when they pleaſe
Can either ſex aſſume, or both; ſo ſoft
And uncompounded is their eſſence pure,

Not ty'd or manacled with joint or limb,
Nor founded on the brittle ftrength of bones,
Like cumb'rous flefh; but in what fhape they chufe
Dilated or condens'd, bright or obfcure,
Can execute their aery purpofes,
And works of love or enmity fulfil.
For thofe the race of Ifrael oft forfook
Their living Strength, and unfrequented left
His righteous altar, bowing lowly down
To beftial gods; for which their heads as low
Bow'd down in battel, funk before the fpear
Of defpicable foes. With thefe in troop
Came Aftoreth, whom the Phœnicians call'd
Aftarte, queen of Heav'n, with crefcent horns;
To whofe bright image nightly by the moon
Sidonian virgins paid their vows and fongs,
In Sion alfo not unfung, where ftood
Her temple on th' offenfive mountain, built
By that uxorious king, whofe heart though large,
Beguil'd by fair idolatreffes, fell
To idols foul. Thammuz came next behind,
Whofe annual wound in Lebanon allur'd
The Syrian damfels to lament his fate
In amorous ditties all a fummer's day,
While fmooth Adonis from his native rock
Ran purple to the fea, fuppos'd with blood
Of Thammuz yearly wounded: the love-tale
Infected Sion's daughters with like heat,

Whoſe wanton paſſions in the ſacred porch
Ezekiel ſaw, when by the viſion led
His eye ſurvey'd the dark idolatries
Of alienated Judah. Next came one
Who mourn'd in earneſt, when the captive ark
Maim'd his brute image, head and hands lopt off
In his own temple, on the grunſel edge,
Where he fell flat, and ſham'd his worſhippers:
Dagon his name, ſea-monſter, upward man
And downward fiſh: yet had his temple high
Rear'd in Azotus, dreaded through the coaſt
Of Paleſtine, in Gath and Aſcalon,
And Accaron and Gaza's frontier bounds.
Him follow'd Rimmon, whoſe delightful ſeat
Was fair Damaſcus, on the fertil banks
Of Abbana and Pharphar, lucid ſtreams.
He alſo' againſt the houſe of God was bold:
A leper once he loſt, and gain'd a king,
Ahaz his ſottiſh conqu'ror, whom he drew
God's altar to diſparage and diſplace
For one of Syrian mode, whereon to burn
His odious offerings, and adore the gods
Whom he had vanquiſh'd. After theſe appear'd
A crew who under names of old renown,
Oſiris, Iſis, Orus, and their train,
With monſtrous ſhapes and ſorceries abus'd
Fanatic Egypt and her prieſts, to ſeek
Their wand'ring gods diſguis'd in brutiſh forms

Rather than human. Nor did Iſrael 'ſcape
Th' infection, when their borrow'd gold compos'd
The calf in Oreb; and the rebel king
Doubled that ſin in Bethel and in Dan,
Likening his Maker to the grazed ox,
Jehovah, who in one night when he paſs'd
From Egypt marching, equall'd with one ſtroke
Both her firſt-born and all her bleating gods.
Belial came laſt, than whom a ſpi'rit more lew'd
Fell not from Heav'n, or more groſs to love
Vice for itſelf: to him no temple ſtood
Or altar ſmok'd; yet who more oft than he
In temples and at altars, when the prieſt
Turns Athieſt, as did Eli's ſons, who fill'd
With luſt and violence the houſe of God?
In courts and palaces he alſo reigns
And in luxurious cities, where the noiſe
Of ri'ot aſcends above their loftieſt towers,
And injury and outrage: and when Night
Darkens the ſtreets, then wander forth the ſons
Of Belial, flown with inſolence and wine.
Witneſs the ſtreets of Sodom, and that night
In Gibeah, when the hoſpitable door
Expos'd a matron to avoid worſe rape.
Theſe were the prime in order and in might;
The reſt were long to tell, though far renown'd,
Th' Ionian gods, of Javan's iſſue held
Gods, yet confeſs'd later than heav'n and earth,

Their boaſted parents: Titan Heav'n's firſt-born,
With his enormous brood, and birthright ſeis'd
By younger Saturn; he from mightier Jove
His own and Rhea's ſon like meaſure found;
So Jove uſurping reign'd: theſe firſt in Crete
And Ida known, thence on the ſhowy top
Of cold Olympus rul'd the middle air,
Their higheſt heav'n; or on the Delphian cliff,
Or in Dodona, and through all the bounds
Of Doric land; or who with Saturn old
Fled over Adria to th' Heſperian fields,
And o'er the Celtic roam'd the utmoſt iles.
All theſe and more came flocking; but with looks
Down caſt and damp, yet ſuch wherein appear'd
Obſcure ſome glimpſe of joy, to' have found their chief
Not in deſpair, to' have found themſelves not loſt
In loſs itſelf; which on his countenance caſt
Like doubtful hue: but he his wonted pride
Soon recollecting, with high words, that bore
Semblance of worth not ſubſtance, gently rais'd
Their fainting courage, and diſpell'd their fears.
Then ſtrait commands that at the warlike ſound
Of trumpets loud and clarions be uprear'd
His mighty ſtandard: that proud honor clam'd
Azazel as his right, a cherub tall;
Who forthwith from the glittering ſtaff unfurl'd
Th' imperial enſign, which full high advanc'd
Shone like a meteor ſtreaming to the wind,

With gems and golden luſtre rich imblaz'd,
Seraphic arms and trophies; all the while
Sonorous metal blowing martial ſounds:
At which the univerſal hoſt up ſent
A ſhout that tore Hell's concave, and beyond
Frighted the reign of Chaos and old Night.
All in a moment through the gloom were ſeen
Ten thouſand banners riſe into the air
With orient colors waving: with them roſe
A foreſt huge of ſpears; and thronging helms
Appear'd, and ſerried ſhields in thick array
Of depth immeaſurable: anon they move
In perfect phalanx to the Dorian mood
Of flutes and ſoft recorder; ſuch as rais'd
To highth of nobleſt temper heroes old
Arming to battel, and inſtead of rage
Deliberate valor breath'd, firm and unmov'd
With dread of death to flight or foul retreat;
Nor wanting pow'r to mitigate and 'ſwage
With ſolemn touches troubled thoughts, and chaſe
Anguiſh and doubt and fear and ſorrow' and pain
From mortal or immortal minds. Thus they
Breathing united force with fixed thought
Mov'd on in ſilence to ſoft pipes, that charm'd
Their painful ſteps o'er the burnt ſoil; and now
Advanc'd in view they ſtand, a horrid front
Of dreadful length and dazzling arms, in guiſe
Of warriors old with order'd ſpear and ſhield,

Awaiting what command their mighty Chief
Had to impoſe: he through the armed files
Darts his experienc'd eye, and ſoon traverſe
The whole battalion views their order due,
Their viſages and ſtature as of gods,
Their number laſt he ſums. And now his heart
Diſtends with pride, and hard'ning in his ſtrength
Glories: for never ſince created man
Met ſuch imbodied force, as nam'd with theſe
Could merit more than that ſmall infantry
Warr'd on by cranes; though all the giant brood
Of Phlegra with th' heroic race were join'd
That fought at Thebes and Ilium, on each ſide
Mix'd with auxiliar gods; and what reſounds
In fable or romance of Uther's ſon
Begirt with Britiſh and Armoric knights;
And all who ſince, baptiz'd or infidel,
Jouſted in Aſpramont or Montalban,
Damaſco, or Marocco, or Trebiſond,
Or whom Biſerta ſent from Afric ſhore,
When Charlemain with all his peerage fell
By Fontarabbia. Thus far theſe beyond
Compare of mortal prowefs, yet obſerv'd
Their dread Commander: he above the reſt
In ſhape and geſture proudly eminent
Stood like a tower; his form had yet not loſt
All her orig'inal brightneſs, nor appear'd
Leſs than Arch-angel ruin'd, and th' exceſs

Of glory' obfcur'd; as when the Sun new rifen
Looks through the horizontal mifty air
Shorn of his beams, or from behind the moon
In dim eclipfe difaftrous twilight fheds
On half the nations, and with fear of change
Perplexes monarchs. Darken'd fo, yet fhone
Above them all th' Arch-angel: but his face
Deep fcars of thunder had intrench'd, and Care
Sat on his faded cheek, but under brows
Of dauntlefs courage, and confiderate pride
Waiting revenge: cruel his eye, but caft
Signs of remorfe and paffion to behold
The fellows of his crime, the followers rather
(Far other once beheld in blifs) condemn'd
For ever now to have their lot in pain,
Millions of fpirits for his fault amerc'd
Of Heav'n, and from eternal fplendors flung
For his revolt, yet faithful how they ftood,
Their glory wither'd: as when Heaven's fire
Hath fcath'd the foreft oaks, or mountain pines,
With finged top their ftately growth though bare
Stands on the blafted heath. He now prepar'd
To fpeak; whereat their doubled ranks they bend
From wing to wing, and half enclofe him round
With all his peers: attention held them mute.
Thrice he affay'd, and thrice in fpite of fcorn
Tears, fuch as angels weep, burft forth: at laft
Words interwove with fighs found out their way.

O myriads of immortal Spi'rits, O Powers
Matchlefs, but with th' Almighty, and that ftrife
Was not inglorious, though th' event was dire,
As this place teftifies, and this dire change
Hateful to utter: but what pow'r of mind
Forefeeing or prefaging, from the depth
Of knowledge paft or prefent, could have fear'd,
How fuch united force of gods, how fuch
As ftood like thefe, could ever know repulfe?
For who can yet believe, though after lofs,
That all thefe puiffant legions, whofe exile
Hath emptied Heav'n, fhall fail to re-afcend
Self-rais'd, and repoffefs their native feat?
For me be witnefs all the hoft of Heav'n,
If counfels different, or danger fhunn'd
By me, have loft our hopes. But he who reigns
Monarch in Heav'n, till then as one fecure
Sat on his throne, upheld by old repute,
Confent or cuftom, and his regal ftate
Put forth at full, but ftill his ftrength conceal'd,
Which tempted our attempt, and wrought our fall.
Henceforth his might we know, and know our own,
So as not either to provoke, or dread
New war, provok'd; our better part remains
To work in clofe defign, by fraud or guile,
What force effected not: that he no lefs
At length from us may find, who overcomes
By force, hath overcome but half his foe.

Space may produce new worlds; whereof ſo riſe
There went a fame in Heav'n that he ere long
Intended to create, and therein plant
A generation, whom his choice regard
Should favor equal to the ſons of Heav'n:
Thither, if but to pry, ſhall be perhaps
Our firſt eruption, thither or elſewhere:
For this infernal pit ſhall never hold
Celeſtial ſpi'rits in bondage, nor th' abyſs
Long under darkneſs cover. But theſe thoughts
Full counſel muſt mature: peace is deſpair'd,
For who can think ſubmiſſion? War then, war
Open or underſtood muſt be reſolv'd.
He ſpake: and to confirm his words, out-flew
Millions of flaming ſwords, drawn from the thighs
Of mighty cherubim; the ſudden blaze
Far round illumin'd Hell: highly they rag'd
Againſt the Higheſt, and fierce with graſped arms
Claſh'd on their ſounding ſhields the din of war,
Hurling defiance tow'ard the vault of Heav'n.
There ſtood a hill not far, whoſe griſly top
Belch'd fire and rolling ſmoke; the reſt entire
Shone with a gloſſy ſcurf, undoubted ſign
That in his womb was hid metallic ore,
The work of ſulphur. Thither wing'd with ſpeed
A numerous brigad haſten'd: as when bands
Of pioneers with ſpade and pickaxe arm'd
Forerun the royal camp, to trench a field,

Or caſt a rampart. Mammon led them on,
Mammon, the leaſt erected ſpi'rit that fell
From Heav'n, for ev'n in Heav'n his looks and thoughts
Were always downward bent, admiring more
The riches of Heav'n's pavement, trodden gold,
Than ought divine or holy elſe enjoy'd
In viſion beatific: by him firſt
Men alſo, and by his ſuggeſtion taught,
Ranſack'd the center, and with impious hands
Rifled the bowels of their mother Earth
For treaſures better hid. Soon had his crew
Open'd into the hill a ſpacious wound,
And digg'd out ribbs of gold. Let none admire
That riches grow in Hell; that ſoil may beſt
Deſerve the precious bane. And here let thoſe
Who boaſt in mortal things, and wond'ring tell
Of Babel, and the works of Memphian kings,
Learn how their greateſt monuments of fame
And ſtrength and art are eaſily out-done
By ſpirits reprobate, and in an hour
What in an age they with inceſſant toil
And hands innumerable ſcarce perform.
Nigh on the plain in many cells prepar'd,
That underneath had veins of liquid fire
Sluc'd from the lake, a ſecond multitude
With wondrous art founded the maſſy ore,
Seve'ring each kind, and ſcumm'd the bullion droſs:
A third as ſoon had form'd within the ground

A various mould, and from the boiling cells
By ſtrange conveyance fill'd each hollow nook,
As in an organ from one blaſt of wind
To many a row of pipes the ſound-board breathes.
Anon out of the earth a fabric huge
Roſe like an exhalation, with the ſound
Of dulcet ſymphonies and voices ſweet,
Built like a temple, where pilaſters round
Were ſet, and Doric pillars overlaid
With golden architrave; nor did there want
Cornice or frieze, with boſſy ſculptures graven;
The roof was fretted gold. Not Babylon,
Nor great Alcairo ſuch magnificence
Equall'd in all their glories, to inſhrine
Belus or Serapis their gods, or ſeat
Their kings, when Egypt with Aſſyria ſtrove
In wealth and luxury. Th' aſcending pile
Stood fix'd her ſtately highth, and ſtrait the doors
Opening their brazen folds, diſcover wide
Within her ample ſpaces o'er the ſmooth
And level pavement: from the arched roof
Pendent by ſubtle magic many a row
Of ſtarry lamps and blazing creſſets fed
With Naphtha and Aſphaltus, yielded light
As from a ſky. The haſty multitude
Admiring enter'd, and the work ſome praiſe
And ſome the architect: his hand was known
In Heav'n by many a towered ſtructure high,

Where ſcepter'd angels held their reſidence,
And ſat as princes, whom the ſúpreme King
Exalted to ſuch power, and gave to rule,
Each in his hierarchy, the orders bright.
Nor was his name unheard or unador'd
In ancient Greece; and in Auſonian land
Men call'd him Mulciber; and how he fell
From Heav'n they fabled, thrown by angry Jove
Sheer o'er the cryſtal battlements; from morn
To noon he fell, from noon to dewy eve,
A ſummer's day; and with the ſetting ſun
Dropt from the zenith like a falling ſtar
On Lemnos th' Ægean ile: thus they relate,
Erring; for he with this rebellious rout
Fell long before; nor ought avail'd him now
To' have built in Heav'n high tow'rs; nor did he 'ſcape
By all his engins, but was headlong ſent
With his induſtrious crew to build in Hell.
   Mean while the winged heralds by command
Of ſovran pow'r, with awful ceremony
And trumpet's ſound, throughout the hoſt proclame
A ſolemn council forthwith to be held
At Pandemonium, the high capital
Of Satan and his peers: their ſummons call'd
From every band and ſquared regiment
By place or choice the worthieſt; they anon
With hundreds and with thouſands trooping came
Attended; all acceſs was throng'd, the gates,

And porches wide, but chief the ſpacious hall
(Though like a cover'd field, where champions bold
Wont ride in arm'd, and at the Soldan's chair
Defy'd the beſt of Panim chivalry
To mortal combat, or career with lance)
Thick ſwarm'd, both on the ground and in the air
Bruſh'd with the hiſs of ruſtling wings. As bees
In ſpring time, when the ſun with Taurus rides,
Pour forth their populous youth about the hive
In cluſters; they among freſh dews and flowers
Fly to and fro, or on the ſmoothed plank,
The ſuburb of their ſtraw-built citadel,
New rubb'd with balm, expatiate and confer
Their ſtate affairs. So thick the aery croud
Swarm'd and were ſtraiten'd; till the ſignal given,
Behold a wonder! they but now who ſeem'd
In bigneſs to ſurpaſs Earth's giant ſons,
Now leſs than ſmalleſt dwarfs, in narrow room
Throng numberleſs, like that pygmean race
Beyond the Indian mount, or faery elves,
Whoſe midnight revels by a foreſt ſide
Or fountain ſome belated peaſant ſees,
Or dreams he ſees, while over-head the Moon
Sits arbitreſs, and nearer to the earth
Wheels her pale courſe, they on their mirth and
Intent, with jocund muſic charm his ear; [dance
At once with joy and fear his heart rebounds.
Thus incorporeal ſpi'rits to ſmalleſt forms

Reduc'd their shapes immense, and were at large,
Though without number still amidst the hall
Of that infernal court. But far within,
And in their own dimensions like themselves,
The great seraphic lords and cherubim
In close recess and secret conclave sat
A thousand demi-gods on golden seats,
Frequent and full. After short silence then
And summons read, the great consult began.

The End of the First Book.

PARADISE LOST.

BOOK II.

The Argument.

The confultation begun, Satan debates whether another battel be to be hazarded for the recovery of Heaven: fome advife it, others diffuade. A third propofal is preferr'd, mention'd before by Satan, to fearch the truth of that prophecy or tradition in Heaven concerning another world, and another kind of creature equal or not much inferior to themfelves, about this time to be created: their doubt who fhall be fent on this difficult fearch: Satan their chief undertakes alone the voyage, is honor'd and applauded. The council thus ended, the reft betake them feveral ways, and to feveral employments, as their inclinations led them, to entertain the time till Satan return. He paffes on his journey to Hell gates, finds them fhut, and who fat there to guard them, by whom at length they are open'd, and difcover to him the great gulf between Hell and Heaven; with what difficulty he paffes through, directed by Chaos, the Power of that place, to the fight of this new world which he fought.

High on a throne of royal ftate, which far
Outfhone the wealth of Ormus and of Ind,
Or where the gorgeous Eaft with richeft hand
Show'rs on her kings barbaric pearl and gold,
Satan exalted fat, by merit rais'd
To that bad eminence; and from defpair
Thus high uplifted beyond hope, afpires
Beyond thus high, infatiate to purfue
Vain war with Heav'n, and by fuccefs untaught
His proud imaginations thus difplay'd.
Pow'rs and Dominions, Deities of Heav'n,
For fince no deep within her gulf can hold

Immortal vigor, though oppreſs'd and fall'n,
I give not Heav'n for loſt. From this deſcent
Celeſtial virtues riſing, will appear
More glorious and more dread than from no fall,
And truſt themſelves to fear no ſecond fate.
Me though juſt right, and the fix'd laws of Heav'n
Did firſt create your leader, next free choice,
With what beſides, in counſel or in fight,
Hath been achiev'd of merit, yet this loſs
Thus far at leaſt recover'd, hath much more
Eſtabliſh'd in a ſafe unenvied throne
Yielded with full conſent. The happier ſtate
In Heav'n, which follows dignity, might draw
Envy from each inferior; but who here
Will envy whom the higheſt place expoſes
Foremoſt to ſtand againſt the Thund'rer's aim
Your bulwark, and condemns to greateſt ſhare
Of endleſs pain? where there is then no good
For which to ſtrive, no ſtrife can grow up there
From faction; for none ſure will clame in Hel
Precedence, none, whoſe portion is ſo ſmall
Of preſent pain, that with ambitious mind
Will covet more. With this advantage then
To union, and firm faith, and firm accord,
More than can be in Heav'n, we now retu
To clame our juſt inheritance of old,
Surer to proſper than proſperity
Could have aſſur'd us; and by what beſt way,

Whether of open war or covert guile,
We now debate; who can advife may fpeak.
He ceas'd, and next him Moloch, fcepter'd king,
Stood up, the ftrongeft and the fierceft fpirit
That fought in Heav'n, now fiercer by defpair:
His truft was with th' Eternal to be deem'd
Equal in ftrength, and rather than be lefs
Car'd not to be at all; with that care loft
Went all his fear: of God, or Hell, or worfe
He reck'd not, and thefe words thereafter fpake.
My fentence is for open war: of wiles,
More unexpert, I boaft not: them let thofe
Contrive who need, or when they need, not now.
For while they fit contriving, fhall the reft,
Millions that ftand in arms, and longing wait
The fignal to afcend, fit ling'ring here
Heav'n's fugitives, and for their dwelling place
Accept this dark opprobrious den of fhame,
The prifon of his tyranny who reigns
By our delay? No, let us rather chufe,
Arm'd with Hell flames and fury, all at once
O'er Heav'n's high tow'rs to force refiftlefs way,
Turning our tortures into horrid arms
Againft the Tort'rer; when to meet the noife
Of his almighty engin he fhall hear
Infernal thunder, and for lightning fee
Black fire and horror fhot with equal rage
Among his angels, and his throne itfelf

Mix'd with Tartarean fulphur, and ftrange fire,
His own invented torments. But perhaps
The way feems difficult and fteep to fcale
With upright wing againft a higher foe.
Let fuch bethink them, if the fleepy drench
Of that forgetful lake benum not ftill,
That in our proper motion we afcend
Up to our native feat: defcent and fall
To us is adverfe. Who but felt of late,
When the fierce Foe hung on our broken rear
Infulting, and purfued us through the Deep,
With what compulfion and laborious flight
We funk thus low? Th' afcent is eafy then;
Th' event is fear'd; fhould we again provoke
Our ftronger, fome worfe way his wrath may find
To our deftruction; if there be in Hell
Fear to be worfe deftroy'd: what can be worfe
Than to dwell here, driv'n out from blifs, condemn'd
In this abhorred deep to utter woe;
Where pain of unextinguifhable fire
Muft exercife us without hope of end,
The vaffals of his anger, when the fcourge
Inexorably, and the torturing hour
Calls us to penance? More deftroy'd than thus
We fhould be quite abolifh'd and expire.
What fear we then? what doubt we to incenfe
His utmoft ire? which to the highth enrag'd,
Will either quite confume us, and reduce

To nothing this eſſential, happier far
Than miſerable to have eternal being:
Or if our ſubſtance be indeed divine,
And cannot ceaſe to be, we are at worſt
On this ſide nothing; and by proof we feel
Our pow'r ſufficient to diſturb his Heav'n,
And with perpetual inroads to alarm,
Though inacceſſible, his fatal throne:
Which if not victory is yet revenge.
He ended frowning, and his look denounc'd
Deſp'rate revenge, and battel dangerous
To leſs than gods. On th' other ſide up roſe
Belial, in act more graceful and humane;
A fairer perſon loſt not Heav'n; he ſeem'd
For dignity compos'd and high exploit:
But all was falſe and hollow; though his tongue
Dropt manna, and could make the worſe appear
The better reaſon, to perplex and daſh
Matureſt counſels: for his thoughts were low;
To vice induſtrious, but to nobler deeds
Timorous and ſlothful: yet he pleas'd the ear,
And with perſuaſive accent thus began.
I ſhould be much for open war, O Peers,
As not behind in hate; if what was urg'd
Main reaſon to perſuade immediate war,
Did not diſſuade me moſt, and ſeem to caſt
Ominous conjecture on the whole ſucceſs:
When he who moſt excels in fact of arms,

In what he counſels and in what excels
Miſtruſtful, grounds his courage on deſpair
And utter diſſolution, as the ſcope
Of all his aim, after ſome dire revenge.
Firſt, what revenge? the towers of Heav'n are fill'd
With armed watch, that render all acceſs
Impregnable; oft on the bord'ring deep
Incamp their legions, or with óbſcure wing
Scout far and wide into the realm of Night,
Scorning ſurpriſe. Or could we break our way
By force, and at our heels all Hell ſhould riſe
With blackeſt inſurrection, to confound
Heav'n's pureſt light, yet our great Enemy
All incorruptible would on his throne
Sit unpolluted, and th' ethereal mould
Incapable of ſtain, would ſoon expel
Her miſchief, and purge off the baſer fire
Victorious. Thus repuls'd, our final hope
Is flat deſpair: we muſt exaſperate
Th' almighty Victor to ſpend all his rage,
And that muſt end us, that muſt be our cure,
To be no more; ſad cure; for who would loſe,
Though full of pain, this intellectual be'ing,
Thoſe thoughts that wander through eternity,
To periſh rather, ſwallow'd up and loſt
In the wide womb of uncreated Night,
Devoid of ſenſe and motion? and who knows,
Let this be good, whether our angry Foe

Can give it, or will ever? how he can
Is doubtful; that he never will is ſure.
Will he, ſo wiſe, let looſe at once his ire,
Belike through impotence, or unaware,
To give his enemies their wiſh, and end
Them in his anger, whom his anger ſaves
To puniſh endleſs? Wherefore ceaſe we then?
Say they who counſel war, we are decreed,
Reſerv'd, and deſtin'd to eternal woe;
Whatever doing, what can we ſuffer more,
What can we ſuffer worſe? Is this then worſt,
Thus ſitting, thus conſulting, thus in arms?
What when we fled amain, purſu'd and ſtruck
With Heav'n's afflicting thunder, and beſought
The Deep to ſhelter us? this Hell then ſeem'd
A refuge from thoſe wounds: or when we lay
Chain'd on the burning lake? that ſure was worſe.
What if the breath that kindled thoſe grim fires,
Awak'd ſhould blow them into ſev'n-fold rage,
And plunge us in the flames? or from above
Should intermitted Vengeance arm again
His red right hand to plague us? what if all
Her ſtores were open'd, and this firmament
Of Hell ſhould ſpout her cataracts of fire,
Impendent horrors, threat'ning hideous fall
One day upon our heads; while we perhaps
Deſigning or exhorting glorious war,
Caught in a fiery tempeſt ſhall be hurl'd

Each on his rock transfix'd, the ſport and prey
Of wracking whirlwinds, or for ever ſunk
Under yon boiling ocean, wrapt in chains;
There to converſe with everlaſting groans,
Unreſpited, unpitied, unrepriev'd,
Ages of hopeleſs end? this would be worſe.
War therefore, open or conceal'd, alike
My voice diſſuades; for what can force or guile
With him, or who deceive his mind, whoſe eye
Views all things at one view? he from Heav'n's highth
All theſe our motions vain ſees and derides;
Not more almighty to reſiſt our might
Than wiſe to fruſtrate all our plots and wiles.
Shall we then live thus vile, the race of Heaven
Thus trampled, thus expell'd to ſuffer here
Chains and theſe torments? better theſe than worſe
By my advice; ſince fate inevitable
Subdues us, and omnipotent decree,
The Victor's will. To ſuffer, as to do,
Our ſtrength is equal, nor the law unjuſt
That ſo ordains: this was at firſt reſolv'd,
If we were wiſe, againſt ſo great a foe
Contending, and ſo doubtful what might fall.
I laugh, when thoſe who at the ſpear are bold
And ventrous, if that fail them, ſhrink and fear
What yet they know muſt follow, to endure
Exile, or ignominy, or bonds, or pain,
The ſentence of their conqu'ror: this is now

Our doom; which if we can ſuſtain and bear,
Our ſupreme Foe in time may much remit
His anger, and perhaps thus far remov'd
Not mind us not offending, ſatisfy'd
With what is puniſh'd; whence theſe raging fires
Will ſlacken, if his breath ſtir not their flames.
Our purer eſſence then will overcome
Their noxious vapor, or inur'd not feel,
Or chang'd at length, and to the place conform'd
In temper and in nature, will receive
Familiar the fierce heat, and void of pain;
This horror will grow mild, this darkneſs light,
Beſides what hope the never-ending flight
Of future days may bring, what chance, what change
Worth waiting, ſince our preſent lot appears
For happy though but ill, for ill not worſt,
If we procure not to ourſelves more woe.
Thus Belial with words cloth'd in Reaſon's garb
Counſel'd ignoble eaſe, and peaceful ſloth,
Not peace: and after him thus Mammon ſpake.
Either to diſinthrone the King of Heaven
We war, if war be beſt, or to regain
Our own right loſt: him to unthrone we then
May hope, when everlaſting Fate ſhall yield
To fickle Chance, and Chaos judge the ſtrife:
The former vain to hope argues as vain
The latter: for what place can be for us
Within Heav'n's bound, unleſs Heav'n's Lord ſupreme,

We overpow'r? Suppose he should relent,
And publish grace to all, on promise made
Of new subjection; with what eyes could we
Stand in his presence humble, and receive
Strict laws impos'd, to celebrate his throne
With warbled hymns, and to his Godhead sing
Forc'd halleluiahs; while he lordly sits
Our envied Sovran, and his altar breathes
Ambrosial odors and ambrosial flowers,
Our servile offerings? This must be our task
In Heav'n, this our delight; how wearisome
Eternity so spent in worship paid
To whom we hate! Let us not then pursue
By force impossible, by leave obtain'd
Unacceptable, though in Heav'n, our state
Of splendid vassalage; but rather seek
Our own good from ourselves, and from our own
Live to ourselves, though in this vast recess,
Free, and to none accountable, preferring
Hard liberty before the easy yoke
Of servile pomp. Our greatness will appear
Then most conspicuous, when great things of small,
Useful of hurtful, prosp'rous of adverse
We can create, and in what place soe'er
Thrive under ev'il, and work ease out of pain
Through labor and endurance. This deep world
Of darkness do we dread? How oft amidst
Thick clouds and dark doth Heav'n's all-ruling Sire

Chuſe to reſide, his glory unobſcur'd,
And with the majeſty of darkneſs round
Covers his throne; from whence deep thunders roar
Muſt'ring their rage, and Heav'n reſembles Hell?
As he our darkneſs, cannot we his light
Imitate when we pleaſe? This deſert ſoil
Wants not her hidden luſtre, gems and gold;
Nor want we ſkill or art, from whence to raiſe
Magnificence; and what can Heav'n ſhow more?
Our torments alſo may in length of time
Become our elements, theſe piercing fires
As ſoft as now ſevere, our temper chang'd
Into their temper; which muſt needs remove
The ſenſible of pain. All things invite
To peaceful counſels, and the ſettled ſtate
Of order, how in ſafety beſt we may
Compoſe our preſent evils, with regard
Of what we are and where, diſmiſſing quite
All thoughts of war: ye have what I adviſe.
He ſcarce had finiſh'd, when ſuch murmur fill'd
Th' aſſembly, as when hollow rocks retain
The ſound of bluſt'ring winds, which all night long
Had rous'd the ſea, now with hoarſe cadence lull
Sea-faring men o'er-watch'd, whoſe bark by chance
Or pinnace anchors in a craggy bay
After the tempeſt: ſuch applauſe was heard
As Mammon ended, and his ſentence pleas'd,
Adviſing peace: for ſuch another field

They dreaded worſe than Hell: ſo much the fear
Of thunder and the ſword of Michaël
Wrought ſtill within them; and no leſs deſire
To found this nether empire, which might riſe
By policy, and long proceſs of time,
In emulation oppoſit to Heav'n.
Which when Beëlzebub perceiv'd, than whom,
Satan except, none higher ſat, with grave
Aſpéct he roſe, and in his riſing ſeem'd
A pill'ar of ſtate; deep on his front ingraven
Deliberation ſat and public care;
And princely counſel in his face yet ſhone,
Majeſtic though in ruin: ſage he ſtood
With Atlantean ſhoulders fit to bear
The weight of mightieſt monarchies; his look
Drew audience and attention ſtill as night
Or ſummer's noon-tide air, while thus he ſpake.
Thrones and Imperial Pow'rs, offspring of Heav'n,
Ethereal Virtues; or theſe titles now
Muſt we renounce, and changing ſtile be call'd
Princes of Hell? for ſo the popular vote
Inclines, here to continue', and build up here
A growing empire; doubtleſs; while we dream,
And know not that the King of Heav'n hath doom'd
This place our dungeon, not our ſafe retreat
Beyond his potent arm, to live exempt
From Heav'n's high juriſdiction, in new league
Banded againſt his throne, but to remain

In ſtricteſt bondage, though thus far remov'd
Under th' inevitable curb, reſerv'd
His captive multitude: for he, be ſure,
In highth or depth, ſtill firſt and laſt will reign
Sole King, and of his kingdom loſe no part
By our revolt, but over Hell extend
His empire, and with iron ſcepter rule
Us here, as with his golden thoſe in Heav'n.
What ſit we then projecting peace and war?
War hath determin'd us, and foil'd with loſs
Irreparable; terms of peace yet none
Vouchſaf'd or ſought; for what peace will be given
To us inſlav'd, but cuſtody ſevere,
And ſtripes, and arbitrary puniſhment
Inflicted? and what peace can we return
But to our power hoſtility and hate,
Untam'd reluctance, and revenge though ſlow,
Yet ever plotting how the Conqu'ror leaſt
May reap his conqueſt, and may leaſt rejoice
In doing what we moſt in ſuffering feel?
Nor will occaſion want, nor ſhall we need
With dang'rous expedition to invade
Heav'n, whoſe high walls fear no aſſault or ſiege,
Or ambuſh from the deep. What if we find
Some eaſier enterpriſe? There is a place,
(If ancient and prophetic fame in Heaven
Err not) another world, the happy ſeat
Of ſome new race call'd Man, about this time

To be created like to us, though less
In power and excellence, but favor'd more
Of him who rules above; so was his will
Pronounc'd among the gods, and by an oath
That shook Heav'n's whole circumference confirm'd.
Thither let us bend all our thoughts, to learn
What creatures there inhabit, of what mold,
Or substance, how endu'd, and what their power,
And where their weakness, how attempted best,
By force or subtlety. Though Heav'n be shut,
And Heav'n's high Arbitrator sit secure
In his own strength, this place may lie expos'd,
The utmost border of his kingdom, left
To their defence who hold it: here perhaps
Some advantageous act may be achiev'd
By sudden onset, either with Hell fire
To waste his whole creation, or possess
All as our own, and drive, as we were driven,
The puny habitants, or if not drive,
Seduce them to our party, that their God
May prove their foe, and with repenting hand
Abolish his own works. This would surpass
Common revenge, and interrupt his joy
In our confusion, and our joy upraise
In his disturbance; when his darling sons,
Hurl'd headlong to partake with us, shall curse
Their frail original, and faded bliss,
Faded so soon. Advise if this be worth

Attempting, or to ſit in darkneſs here
Hatching vain empires. Thus Beëlzebub
Pleaded his deviliſh counſel, firſt deviſ'd
By Satan, and in part propos'd: for whence,
But from the author of all ill, could ſpring
So deep a malice, to confound the race
Of Mankind in one root, and Earth with Hell
To mingle and involve, done all to ſpite
The great Creator? But their ſpite ſtill ſerves
His glory to augment. The bold deſign
Pleas'd highly thoſe infernal States, and joy
Sparkled in all their eyes; with full aſſent
They vote: whereat his ſpeech he thus renews.
  Well have ye judg'd, well ended long debate,
Synod of gods, and like to what ye are,
Great things reſolv'd, which from the loweſt deep
Will once more lift us up, in ſpite of fate,
Nearer our ancient ſeat; perhaps in view
Of thoſe bright confines, whence with neighb'ring arms
And opportune excurſion we may chance
Re-enter Heav'n; or elſe in ſome mild zone
Dwell not unviſited of Heav'n's fair light
Secure, and at the brightning orient beam
Purge off this gloom; the ſoft delicious air,
To heal the ſcar of theſe corroſive fires,
Shall breathe her balm. But firſt whom ſhall we ſend
In ſearch of this new world? whom ſhall we find
Sufficient? who ſhall tempt with wand'ring feet

The dark unbottom'd infinite abyſs,
And through the palpable obſcure find out
His uncouth way, or ſpread his aery flight
Upborne with indefatigable wings
Over the vaſt abrupt, ere he arrive
The happy ile? what ſtrength, what art can then
Suffice, or what evaſion bear him ſafe
Through the ſtrict ſenteries and ſtations thick
Of angels watching round? Here he had need
All circumſpection, and we now no leſs
Choice in our ſuffrage; for on whom we ſend,
The weight of all and our laſt hope relies.

This ſaid, he ſat; and expectation held
His look ſuſpenſe, awaiting who appear'd
To ſecond, or oppoſe, or undertake
The perilous attempt: but all ſat mute,
Pond'ring the danger with deep thoughts; and each
In others count'nance read his own diſmay
Aſtoniſh'd: none among the choice and prime
Of thoſe Heav'n-warring champions could be found
So hardy as to proffer or accept
Alone the dreadful voyage; till at laſt
Satan, whom now tranſcendent glory rais'd
Above his fellows, with monarchal pride
Conſcious of higheſt worth, unmov'd thus ſpake.

O Progeny of Heav'n, empyreal Thrones,
With reaſon hath deep ſilence and demur
Seis'd us, though undiſmay'd: long is the way

And hard, that out of Hell leads up to light;
Our prifon ftrong; this huge convex of fire,
Outrageous to devour, immures us round
Ninefold, and gates of burning adamant
Barr'd over us prohibit all egrefs.
Thefe pafs'd, if any pafs, the void profound
Of uneffential Night receives him next
Wide gaping, and with utter lofs of being
Threatens him, plung'd in that abortive gulf.
If thence he 'fcape into whatever world,
Or unknown region, what remains him lefs
Than unknown dangers, and as hard efcape?
But I fhould ill become this throne, O Peers,
And this imperial fovranty, adorn'd
With fplendor, arm'd with power, if ought propos'd
And judg'd of public moment, in the fhape
Of difficulty' or danger could deter
Me from attempting. Wherefore do' I affume
Thefe royalties, and not refufe to reign,
Refufing to accept as great a fhare
Of hazard as of honor, due alike
To him who reigns, and fo much to him due
Of hazard more, as he above the reft
High honor'd fits? Go therefore mighty Powers,
Terror of Heav'n, though fall'n; intend at home,
While here fhall be our home, what beft may eafe
The prefent mifery, and render Hell
More tolerable; if there be cure or charm

To reſpit, or deceive, or ſlack the pain
Of this ill manſion: intermit no watch
Againſt a wakeful foe, while I abroad
Through all the coaſts of dark Deſtruction ſeek
Deliverance for us all: this enterpriſe
None ſhall partake with me. Thus ſaying roſe
The Monarch, and prevented all reply,
Prudent, leſt from his reſolution rais'd
Others among the chief might offer now
(Certain to be refus'd) what erſt they fear'd;
And ſo refus'd might in opinion ſtand
His rivals, winning cheap the high repute
Which he through hazard huge muſt earn. But they
Dreaded not more th' adventure than his voice
Forbidding; and at once with him they roſe;
Their riſing all at once was as the ſound
Of thunder heard remote. Tow'ards him they bend
With awful reverence prone; and as a god
Extol him equal to the Hig'heſt in Heav'n:
Nor fail'd they to expreſs how much they prais'd,
That for the general ſafety he deſpis'd
His own: for neither do the ſpirits damn'd
Loſe all their virtue; leſt bad men ſhould boaſt
Their ſpecious deeds on earth, which glory' excites,
Or cloſe ambition varniſh'd o'er with zeal.
Thus they their doubtful conſultations dark
Ended, rejoicing in their matchleſs chief:
As when from mountain tops the duſky clouds

Afcending, while the North-wind fleeps, o'erfpread
Heav'n's cheerful face, the louring element
Scowls o'er the darken'd landfkip fnow, or fhower;
If chance the radiant fun with farewel fweet
Extend his ev'ning beam, the fields revive,
The birds their notes renew, and bleating herds
Atteft their joy, that hill and valley rings.
O fhame to men! devil with devil damn'd
Firm concord holds, men only difagree
Of creatures rational, though under hope
Of heav'nly grace: and God proclaming peace,
Yet live in hatred, enmity, and ftrife
Among themfelves, and levy cruel wars,
Wafting the earth, each other to deftroy:
As if (which might induce us to accord)
Man had not hellifh foes enow befides,
That day and night for his deftruction wait.
  The Stygian council thus diffolv'd; and forth
In order came the grand infernal Peers:
Midft came their mighty paramount, and feem'd
Alone th' antagonift of Heav'n, nor lefs
Than Hell's dread emperor with pomp fupreme,
And godlike imitated ftate; him round
A globe of fiery feraphim inclos'd
With bright imblazonry, and horrent arms.
Then of their feffion ended they bid cry
With trumpets' regal found the great refult:
Tow'ards the four winds four fpeedy cherubim

Put to their mouths the ſounding alchemy
By herald's voice explain'd; the hollow' abyſs
Heard far and wide, and all the hoſt of Hell
With deaf'ning ſhout return'd them loud acclame.
Thence more at eaſe their minds, and ſomewhat rais'd
By falſe preſumptuous hope, the ranged powers
Diſband, and wand'ring, each his ſeveral way
Purſues, as inclination or ſad choice
Leads him perplex'd, where he may likelieſt find
Truce to his reſtleſs thoughts, and entertain
The irkſome hours, till his great chief return.
Part on the plain, or in the air ſublime,
Upon the wing, or in ſwift race contend,
As at th' Olympian games or Pythian fields;
Part curb their fiery ſteeds, or ſhun the goal
With rapid wheels, or fronted brigads form.
As when to warn proud cities war appears
Wag'd in the troubled ſky, and armies ruſh
To battel in the clouds, before each van
Prick forth the aery knights, and couch their ſpears
Till thickeſt legions cloſe; with feats of arms
From either end of Heav'n the welkin burns.
Others with vaſt Typhœan rage more fell
Rend up both rocks and hills, and ride the air
In whirlwind; Hell ſcarce holds the wild uproar.
As when Alcides, from Oechalia crown'd
With conqueſt, felt th' envenom'd robe, and tore
Through pain up by the roots Theſſalian pines,

And Lichas from the top of Oeta threw
Into th' Euboic ſea. Others more mild,
Retreated in a ſilent valley, ſing
With notes angelical to many a harp
Their own heroic deeds and hapleſs fall
By doom of battel; and complain that Fate
Free virtue ſhould inthral to force or chance.
Their ſong was partial, but the harmony
(What could it leſs when ſpi'rits immortal ſing?)
Suſpended Hell, and took with raviſhment
The thronging audience. In diſcourſe more ſweet
(For eloquence the ſoul, ſong charms the ſenſe)
Others apart ſat on a hill retir'd,
In thoughts more elevate, and reaſon'd high
Of providence, foreknowledge, will, and fate,
Fix'd fate, free will, foreknowledge abſolute,
And found no end, in wand'ring mazes loſt.
Of good and evil much they argued then,
Of happineſs and final miſery,
Paſſion and apathy, and glory' and ſhame,
Vain wiſdom all, and falſe philoſophy:
Yet with a pleaſing ſorcery could charm
Pain for a while or anguiſh, and excite
Fallacious hope, or arm th' obdured breaſt
With ſtubborn patience as with triple ſteel.
Another part in ſquadrons and groſs bands,
On bold adventure to diſcover wide
That diſmal world, if any clime perhaps

Might yield them easier habitation, bend
Four ways their flying march, along the banks
Of four infernal rivers, that disgorge
Into the burning lake their baleful streams;
Abhorred Styx, the flood of deadly hate;
Sad Acheron of sorrow, black and deep;
Cocytus, nam'd of lamentation loud
Heard on the rueful stream; fierce Phlegethon,
Whose waves of torrent fire inflame with rage.
Far off from these a slow and silent stream,
Lethe the river of oblivion rolls
Her watry labyrinth, whereof who drinks,
Forthwith his former state and be'ing forgets,
Forgets both joy and grief, pleasure and pain.
Beyond this flood a frozen continent
Lies dark and wild, beat with perpetual storms
Of whirlwind and dire hail, which on firm land
Thaws not, but gathers heap, and ruin seems
Of ancient pile; or else deep snow and ice,
A gulf profound as that Serbonian bog
Betwixt Damiata and Mount Casius old,
Where armies whole have sunk: the parching air
Burns frore, and cold performs th' effect of fire.
Thither by harpy-footed furies hal'd
At certain revolutions all the damn'd
Are brought, and feel by turns the bitter change
Of fierce extremes, extremes by change more fierce,
From beds of raging fire to starve in ice

Their ſoft ethereal warmth, and there to pine
Immoveable, infix'd, and frozen round,
Periods of time, thence hurried back to fire.
They ferry over this Lethean ſound
Both to and fro, their ſorrow to augment,
And wiſh and ſtruggle, as they paſs, to reach
The tempting ſtream, with one ſmall drop to loſe
In ſweet forgetfulneſs all pain and woe,
All in one moment, and ſo near the brink;
But Fate withſtands, and to oppoſe th' attempt
Meduſa with Gorgonian terror guards
The ford, and of itſelf the water flies
All taſte of living wight, as once it fled
The lip of Tantalus. Thus roving on
In cónfus'd march forlorn, th' advent'rous bands
With ſhudd'ring horror pale, and eyes aghaſt,
View'd firſt their lamentable lot, and found
No reſt: through many a dark and dreary vale
They paſs'd, and many a region dolorous,
O'er many a frozen, many a fiery Alp,
Rocks, caves, lakes, fens, bogs, dens, and ſhades of death,
A univerſe of death, which God by curſe
Created ev'il, for evil only good,
Where all life dies, death lives, and nature breeds,
Perverſe, all monſtrous, all prodigious things,
Abominable, inutterable, and worſe
Than fables yet have feign'd, or fear conceiv'd,
Gorgons, and Hydras, and Chimeras dire.

Mean while the adverſary' of God and Man,
Satan with thoughts inflam'd of hig'heſt deſign,
Puts on ſwift wings, and tow'ards the gates of Hell
Explores his ſolitary flight; ſometimes
He ſcours the right hand coaſt, ſometimes the left,
Now ſhaves with level wing the deep, then ſoars
Up to the fiery concave towring high.
As when far off at ſea a fleet deſcry'd
Hangs in the clouds, by equinoctial winds
Cloſe ſailing from Bengala, or the iles
Of Ternate and Tidore, whence merchants bring
Their ſpicy drugs: they on the trading flood
Through the wide Ethiopian to the Cape
Ply ſtemming nightly tow'ard the pole. So ſeem'd
Far off the flying Fiend: at laſt appear
Hell bounds high reaching to the horrid roof,
And thrice three-fold the gates; three folds were braſs,
Three iron, three of adamantin rock,
Impenetrable, impal'd with circling fire,
Yet unconſum'd. Before the gates there ſat
On either ſide a formidable ſhape;
The one ſeem'd woman to the waſte, and fair,
But ended foul in many a ſcaly fold
Voluminous and vaſt, a ſerpent arm'd
With mortal ſting: about her middle round
A cry of hell-hounds never ceaſing bark
With wide Cerberean mouths full loud, and rung
A hideous pale; yet, when they liſt, would creep,

If ought difturb'd their noife, into her womb,
And kennel there, yet there ftill bark'd and howl'd,
Within unfeen. Far lefs abhorr'd than thefe
Vex'd Scylla bathing in the fea that parts
Calabria from the hoarfe Trinacrian fhore:
Nor uglier follow the Night-hag, when call'd
In fecret, riding through the air fhe comes,
Lur'd with the fmell of infant blood, to dance
With Lapland witches, while the lab'ring moon
Eclipfes at their charms. The other fhape,
If fhape it might be call'd that fhape had none
Diftinguifhable in member, joint, or limb,
Or fubftance might be call'd that fhadow feem'd,
For each feem'd either; black it ftood as Night,
Fierce as ten Furies, terrible as Hell,
And fhook a dreadful dart; what feem'd his head
The likenefs of a kingly crown had on.
Satan was now at hand, and from his feat
The monfter moving onward came as faft
With horrid ftrides, Hell trembled as he ftrode.
Th' undaunted Fiend what this might be admir'd,
Admir'd, not fear'd; God and his Son except,
Created thing nought valued he nor fhunn'd;
And with difdainful look thus firft began.
  Whence and what art thou, execrable fhape,
That dar'ft, though grim and terrible, advance
Thy mifcreated front athwart my way
To yonder gates? through them I mean to pafs,

That be aſſur'd, without leave aſk'd of thee:
Retire, or taſte thy folly', and learn by proof,
Hell-born, not to contend with ſpi'rits of Heav'n.
  To whom the goblin full of wrath reply'd.
Art thou that traitor angel, art thou he
Who firſt broke peace in Heav'n and faith, till then
Unbroken, and in proud rebellious arms
Drew after him the third part of Heav'n's ſons
Conjur'd againſt the Hig'heſt, for which both thou
And they, outcaſt from God, are here condemn'd
To waſte eternal days in woe and pain?
And reckon'ſt thou thyſelf with ſpi'rits of Heav'n,
Hell-doom'd, and breath'ſt defiance here and ſcorn
Where I reign king, and to enrage thee more,
Thy king and lord? Back to thy puniſhment,
Falſe fugitive, and to thy ſpeed add wings,
Leſt with a whip of ſcorpions I purſue
Thy lingring, or with one ſtroke of this dart
Strange horror ſeiſe thee', and pangs unfelt before.
  So ſpake the griſly Terror, and in ſhape,
So ſpeaking and ſo threatning, grew ten-fold
More dreadful and deform: on th' other ſide
Incens'd with indignation Satan ſtood
Unterrify'd, and like a comet burn'd,
That fires the length of Opiuchus huge
In th' Arctic ſky, and from his horrid hair
Shakes peſtilence and war. Each at the head
Level'd his deadly aim; their fatal hands

No ſecond ſtroke intend, and ſuch a frown
Each caſt at th' other, as when two black clouds,
With Heav'n's artillery fraught, come rattling on
Over the Caſpian, then ſtand front to front
Hov'ring a ſpace, till winds the ſignal blow
To join their dark encounter in mid air:
So frown'd the mighty combatants, that Hell
Grew darker at their frown, ſo match'd they ſtood;
For never but once more was either like
To meet ſo great a foe: and now great deeds
Had been achiev'd, whereof all Hell had rung,
Had not the ſnaky ſorcereſs that ſat
Faſt by Hell gate, and kept the fatal key,
Ris'n, and with hideous outcry ruſh'd between.
O Father, what intends thy hand, ſhe cry'd,
Againſt thy only ſon? What fury', O Son,
Poſſeſſes thee to bend that mortal dart
Againſt thy father's head? and know'ſt for whom;
For him who ſits above and laughs the while
At thee ordain'd his drudge, to execute
Whate'er his wrath, which he calls Juſtice, bids;
His wrath, which one day will deſtroy ye both.
She ſpake, and at her words the helliſh peſt
Forbore, then theſe to her Satan return'd.
So ſtrange thy outcry, and thy words ſo ſtrange
Thou interpoſeſt, that my ſudden hand
Prevented ſpares to tell thee yet by deeds
What it intends; till firſt I know of thee,

What thing thou art, thus double-form'd, and why
In this infernal vale first met thou call'st
Me Father, and that phantasm call'st my Son;
I know thee not, nor ever saw till now
Sight more detestable than him and thee.
T' whom thus the portress of Hell gate reply'd.
Hast thou forgot me then, and do I seem
Now in thine eye so foul? once deem'd so fair
In Heav'n, when at th' assembly, and in sight
Of all the seraphim with thee combin'd
In bold conspiracy against Heav'n's King,
All on a sudden miserable pain
Surpris'd thee, dim thine eyes, and dizzy swum
In darkness, while thy head flames thick and fast
Threw forth, till on the left side opening wide,
Likest to thee in shape and count'nance bright,
Then shining heav'nly fair, a goddess arm'd
Out of thy head I sprung: amazement seis'd
All th' host of Heav'n; back they recoil'd afraid
At first, and call'd me Sin, and for a sign
Portentous held me; but familiar grown,
I pleas'd, and with attractive graces won
The most averse, thee chiefly, who full oft
Thyself in me thy perfect image viewing
Becam'st enamour'd, and such joy thou took'st
With me in secret, that my womb conceiv'd
A growing burden. Mean while war arose,
And fields were fought in Heav'n; wherein remain'd

(For what could elſe?) to our almighty Foe
Clear victory, to our part loſs and rout
Through all the empyrean: down they fell
Driv'n headlong from the pitch of Heav'n, down
Into this deep, and in the general fall
I alſo; at which time this powerful key
Into my hand was giv'n, with charge to keep
Theſe gates for ever ſhut, which none can paſs
Without my ope'ning. Penſive here I ſat
Alone, but long I ſat not, till my womb
Pregnant by thee, and now exceſſive grown,
Prodigious motion felt and rueful throes.
At laſt this odious offspring whom thou ſeeſt
Thine own begotten, breaking violent way
Tore through my entrails, that with fear and pain
Diſtorted, all my nether ſhape thus grew
Transform'd: but he my inbred enemy
Forth iſſued, brandiſhing his fatal dart
Made to deſtroy: I fled, and cry'd out Death;
Hell trembled at the hideous name, and ſigh'd
From all her caves, and back reſounded Death.
I fled, but he purſued, (though more, it ſeems,
Inflam'd with luſt than rage) and ſwifter far,
Me overtook his mother all diſmay'd,
And in embraces forcible and foul
Ingendring with me, of that rape begot
Theſe yelling monſters, that with ceaſeleſs cry
Surround me, as thou ſaw'ſt, hourly conceiv'd

And hourly born, with ſorrow infinite
To me; for when they liſt, into the womb
That bred them they return and howl, and gnaw
My bowels, their repaſt; then burſting forth
Afreſh with conſcious terrors vex me round,
That reſt or intermiſſion none I find.
Before mine eyes in oppoſition ſits
Grim Death my ſon and foe, who ſets them on,
And me his parent would full ſoon devour
For want of other prey, but that he knows
His end with mine involv'd; and knows that I
Should prove a bitter morſel, and his bane,
Whenever that ſhall be; ſo Fate pronounc'd.
But thou, O Father, I forewarn thee, ſhun
His deadly arrow; neither vainly hope
To be invulnerable in thoſe bright arms,
Though temper'd heav'nly, for that mortal dint,
Save he who reigns above, none can reſiſt.
  She finiſh'd, and the ſubtle Fiend his lore
Soon learn'd, now milder, and thus anſwer'd ſmooth.
Dear Daughter, ſince thou claim'ſt me for thy ſire,
And my fair ſon here ſhow'ſt me, the dear pledge
Of dalliance had with thee in Heav'n, and joys
Then ſweet, now ſad to mention, through dire change
Befall'n us unforeſeen, unthought of; know
I come no enemy, but to ſet free
From out this dark and diſmal houſe of pain
Both him and thee, and all the heav'nly hoſt

Of ſpi'rits that in our juſt pretences arm'd
Fell with us from on high: from them I go
This uncouth errand ſole, and one for all
Myſelf expoſe, with lonely ſteps to tread
Th' unfounded deep, and through the void immenſe
To ſearch with wand'ring queſt a place foretold
Should be, and, by concurring ſigns, ere now
Created vaſt and round, a place of bliſs
In the purlieus of Heav'n, and therein plac'd
A race of upſtart creatures, to ſupply
Perhaps our vacant room, though more remov'd,
Leſt Heav'n ſurcharg'd with potent multitude
Might hap to move new broils: be this or ought
Than this more ſecret now deſign'd, I haſte
To know, and this once known, ſhall ſoon return,
And bring ye to the place where thou and Death
Shall dwell at eaſe, and up and down unſeen
Wing ſilently the buxom air, imbalm'd
With odors; there ye ſhall be fed and fill'd
Immeaſurably, all things ſhall be your prey.
  He ceas'd, for both ſeem'd highly pleas'd, and Death
Grinn'd horrible a ghaſtly ſmile, to hear
His famin ſhould be fill'd, and bleſt his maw
Deſtin'd to that good hour: no leſs rejoic'd
His mother bad, and thus beſpake her ſire.
  The key of this infernal pit by due,
And by command of Heav'n's all-pow'rful King
I keep, by him forbidden to unlock

Theſe adamantin gates; againſt all force
Death ready ſtands to interpoſe his dart,
Fearleſs to be o'ermatch'd by living might.
But what owe I to his commands above
Who hates me, and hath hither thruſt me down
Into this gloom of Tartarus profound,
To ſit in hateful office here confin'd,
Inhabitant of Heav'n, and heav'nly-born,
Here in perpetual agony and pain,
With terrors and with clamors compaſs'd round
Of mine own brood, that on my bowels feed?
Thou art my father, thou my author, thou
My being gav'ſt me; whom ſhould I obey
But thee, whom follow? thou wilt bring me ſoon
To that new world of light and bliſs, among
The gods who live at eaſe, where I ſhall reign
At thy right hand voluptuous, as beſeems
Thy daughter and thy darling, without end.
  Thus ſaying, from her ſide the fatal key,
Sad inſtrument of all our woe, ſhe took;
And tow'ards the gate rolling her beſtial train,
Forthwith the huge portcullis high up drew,
Which but herſelf, not all the Stygian powers
Could once have mov'd; then in the key-hole turns
Th' intricate wards, and every bolt and bar
Of maſſy ir'on or ſolid rock with eaſe
Unfaſtens: on a ſudden open fly
With impetuous recoil and jarring ſound

Th' infernal doors, and on their hinges grate
Harſh thunder, that the loweſt bottom ſhook
Of Erebus. She open'd, but to ſhut
Excell'd her pow'r; the gates wide open ſtood,
That with extended wings a banner'd hoſt
Under ſpread enſigns marching might paſs through
With horſe and chariots rank'd in looſe array;
So wide they ſtood, and like a furnace' mouth
Caſt forth redounding ſmoke and ruddy flame.
Before their eyes in ſudden view appear
The ſecrets of the hoary deep, a dark
Illimitable ocean, without bound,
Without dimenſion, where length, breadth and highth,
And time, and place, are loſt; where eldeſt Night
And Chaos, anceſtors of Nature, hold
Eternal anarchy, amidſt the noiſe
Of endleſs wars, and by confuſion ſtand.
For hot, cold, moiſt, and dry, four champions fierce,
Strive here for maſt'ry, and to battel bring
Their embryon atoms; they around the flag
Of each his faction, in their ſeveral clans,
Light-arm'd or heavy, ſharp, ſmooth, ſwift or ſlow,
Swarm populous, unnumber'd as the ſands
Of Barca or Cyrene's torrid ſoil,
Levied to ſide with warring winds, and poiſe
Their lighter wings. To whom theſe moſt adhere,
He rules a moment; Chaos umpire ſits,
And by deciſion more embroils the fray

By which he reigns: next him high arbiter
Chance governs all. Into this wild abyſs
The womb of Nature and perhaps her grave,
Of neither ſea, nor ſhore, nor air, nor fire,
But all theſe in their pregnant cauſes mix'd
Confus'dly, and which thus muſt ever fight,
Unleſs th' almighty Maker them ordain
His dark materials to create more worlds:
Into this wild abyſs the wary Fiend
Stood on the brink of Hell and look'd a while,
Pond'ring his voyage; for no narrow frith
He had to croſs. Nor was his ear leſs peal'd
With noiſes loud and ruinous (to compare
Great things with ſmall) than when Bellona ſtorms,
With all her battering engins bent to raſe
Some capital city; or leſs than if this frame
Of Heav'n were falling, and theſe elements
In mutiny had from her axle torn
The ſtedfaſt Earth. At laſt his ſail-broad vans
He ſpreads for flight, and in the ſurging ſmoke
Uplifted ſpurns the ground; thence many a league,
As in a cloudy chair, aſcending rides
Audacious; but that ſeat ſoon failing, meets
A vaſt vacuity: all unawares
Fluttering his pennons vain plumb down he drops
Ten thouſand fathom deep, and to this hour
Down had been falling, had not by ill chance
The ſtrong rebuff of ſome tumultuous cloud,

Inſtinct with fire and nitre, hurried him
As many miles aloft: that fury ſtay'd,
Quench'd in a boggy ſyrtis, neither ſea,
Nor good dry land: nigh founder'd on he fares,
Treading the crude conſiſtence, half on foot,
Half fly'ing; behoves him now both oar and ſail.
As when a gryphon through the wilderneſs
With winged courſe, o'er hill or moory dale,
Purſues the Arimaſpian, who by ſtealth
Had from his wakeful cuſtody purloin'd
The guarded gold: ſo eagerly the Fiend
O'er bog, or ſteep, through ſtrait, rough, denſe, or rare,
With head, hands, wings, or feet, purſues his way,
And ſwims, or ſinks, or wades, or creeps, or flies:
At length a univerſal hubbub wild
Of ſtunning ſounds and voices all confus'd,
Borne through the hollow dark, aſſaults his ear
With loudeſt vehemence: thither he plies,
Undaunted to meet there whatever power
Or ſpirit of the nethermoſt abyſs
Might in that noiſe reſide, of whom to aſk
Which way the neareſt coaſt of darkneſs lies
Bord'ring on light; when ſtrait behold the throne
Of Chaos, and his dark pavilion ſpread
Wide on the waſteful deep; with him enthron'd
Sat ſable-veſted Night, eldeſt of things,
The conſort of his reign; and by them ſtood
Orcus and Ades, and the dreaded name

Of Damogorgon: Rumour next and Chance,
And Tumult and Confuſion all embroil'd,
And Diſcord with a thouſand various mouths.
T' whom Satan turning boldly, thus. Ye Powers
And Spirits of this nethermoſt abyſs,
Chaos and ancient Night, I come no ſpy,
With purpoſe to explore or to diſturb
The ſecrets of your realm, but by conſtraint
Wand'ring this darkſome deſert, as my way
Lies through your ſpacious empire up to light,
Alone, and without guide, half loſt, I ſeek
What readieſt path leads where your gloomy bounds
Confine with Heav'n; or if ſome other place,
From your dominion won, th' ethereal King
Poſſeſſes lately, thither to arrive
I travel this profound; direct my courſe;
Directed no mean recompenſe it brings
To your behoof, if I that region loſt,
All uſurpation thence expell'd, reduce
To her orig'inal darkneſs and your ſway,
(Which is my preſent journey) and once more
Erect the ſtandard there of ancient Night;
Yours be th' advantage all, mine the revenge.
Thus Satan; and him thus the Anarch old,
With falt'ring ſpeech and viſage incompos'd,
Anſwer'd. I know thee, Stranger, who thou art,
That mighty leading angel, who of late
Made head againſt Heav'n's King, tho' overthrown.

I ſaw and heard, for ſuch a numerous hoſt
Fled not in ſilence through the frighted Deep
With ruin upon ruin, rout on rout,
Confuſion worſe confounded; and Heav'n gates
Pour'd out by millions her victorious bands
Purſuing. I upon my frontiers here
Keep reſidence; if all I can will ſerve
That little which is left ſo to defend,
Encroach'd on ſtill through your inteſtin broils
Weakning the ſcepter of old Night: firſt Hell
Your dungeon ſtretching far and wide beneath;
Now lately Heav'n and Earth, another world,
Hung o'er my realm, link'd in a golden chain
To that ſide Heav'n from whence your legions fell:
If that way be your walk, you have not far;
So much the nearer danger; go and ſpeed;
Havoc and ſpoil and ruin are my gain.
He ceas'd; and Satan ſtay'd not to reply,
But glad that now his ſea ſhould find a ſhore,
With freſh alacrity and force renew'd
Springs upward like a pyramid of fire
Into the wild expanſe, and through the ſhock
Of fighting elements, on all ſides round
Environ'd wins his way; harder beſet
And more indanger'd, than when Argo paſs'd
Through Boſporus betwixt the juſtling rocks:
Or when Ulyſſes on the larbord ſhunn'd
Charybdis, and by th' other whirlpool ſteer'd.

So he with difficulty' and labor hard
Mov'd on, with difficulty' and labor he;
But he once paſt, ſoon after when Man fell,
Strange alteration! Sin and Death amain
Following his track, ſuch was the will of Heav'n,
Pav'd after him a broad and beaten way
Over the dark abyſs, whoſe boiling gulf
Tamely endur'd a bridge of wondrous length
From Hell continued reaching th' utmoſt orb
Of this frail world; by which the ſpi'rits perverſe
With eaſy intercourſe paſs to and fro
To tempt or puniſh mortals, except whom
God and good angels guard by ſpecial grace.
  But now at laſt the ſacred influence
Of light appears, and from the walls of Heav'n
Shoots far into the boſom of dim Night
A glimmering dawn; here Nature firſt begins
Her fartheſt verge, and Chaos to retire
As from her outmoſt works a broken foe
With tumult leſs and with leſs hoſtile din,
That Satan with leſs toil, and now with eaſe
Wafts on the calmer wave by dubious light,
And like a weather-beaten veſſel holds
Gladly the port, though ſhrouds and tackle torn;
Or in the emptier waſte, reſembling air,
Weighs his ſpread wings, at leiſure to behold
Far off th' empyreal Heav'n, extended wide
In circuit, undetermin'd ſquare or round,

With opal tow'rs and battlements adorn'd
Of living saphir, once his native seat;
And fast by hanging in a golden chain
This pendent world, in bigness as a star
Of smallest magnitude close by the moon.
Thither full fraught with mischievous revenge,
Accurs'd, and in a cursed hour he hies.

The End of the Second Book.

PARADISE LOST.

BOOK III.

The Argument.

God fitting on his throne fees Satan flying towards this world, then newly created; fhows him to the Son who fat at his right hand; foretels the fuccefs of Satan in perverting Mankind; clears his own juftice and wifdom from all imputation, having created Man free and able enough to have withftood his Tempter; yet declares his purpofe of grace towards him, in regard he fell not of his own malice, as did Satan, but by him feduced. The Son of God renders praifes to his Father for the manifeftation of his gracious purpofe towards Man; but God again declares, that grace cannot be extended towards Man without the fatisfaction of divine juftice; Man hath offended the majefty of God by afpiring to Godhead, and therefore with all his progeny devoted to death muft die, unlefs fome one can be found fufficient to anfwer for his offence, and undergo his punifhment. The Son of God freely offers himfelf a ranfome for Man: The Father accepts him, ordains his incarnation, pronounces his exaltation above all names in heaven and earth; commands all the angels to adore him; they obey, and hymning to their harps in full quire, celebrate the Father and the Son. Mean while Satan alights upon the bare convex of this world's outermoft orb; where wandering he firft finds a place, fince call'd The Limbo of Vanity; what perfons and things fly up thither; thence comes to the gate of Heaven, defcrib'd afcending by ftairs, and the waters above the firmament that flow about it: his paffage thence to the orb of the fun; he finds there Uriel the regent of that orb, but firft changes himfelf into the fhape of a meaner angel; and pretending a zealous defire to behold the new creation, and Man whom God had plac'd here, inquires of him the place of his habitation, and is directed; alights firft on Mount Niphates.

HAIL holy Light, offspring of Heav'n firft-born,
Or of th' Eternal coeternal beam
May I exprefs thee' unblam'd? fince God is light,
And never but in unapproached light

Dwelt from eternity, dwelt then in thee,
Bright effluence of bright eſſence increate.
Or hear'ſt thou rather pure ethereal ſtream,
Whoſe fountain who ſhall tell? before the ſun,
Before the heav'ns thou wert, and at the voice
Of God, as with a mantle didſt inveſt
The riſing world of waters dark and deep,
Won from the void and formleſs infinite.
Thee I reviſit now with bolder wing,
Eſcap'd the Stygian pool, though long detain'd
In that obſcure ſojourn, while in my flight
Through utter and through middle darkneſs borne
With other notes than to th' Orphean lyre
I ſung of Chaos and eternal Night,
Taught by the heav'nly Muſe to venture down
The dark deſcent, and up to re-aſcend,
Though hard and rare: thee I reviſit ſafe,
And feel thy ſovran vital lamp; but thou
Reviſit'ſt not theſe eyes, that roll in vain
To find thy piercing ray, and find no dawn;
So thick a drop ſerene hath quench'd their orbs,
Or dim ſuffuſion veil'd. Yet not the more
Ceaſe I to wander where the Muſes haunt,
Clear ſpring, or ſhady grove, or ſunny hill,
Smit with the love of ſacred ſong; but chief
Thee, Sion, and the flow'ry brooks beneath,
That waſh thy hallow'd feet, and warbling flow,
Nightly I viſit: nor ſometimes forget

Thoſe other two equall'd with me in fate,
So were I equall'd with them in renown,
Blind Thamyris and blind Mæonides,
And Tireſias and Phineus prophets old:
Then feed on thoughts, that voluntary move
Harmonious numbers; as the wakeful bird
Sings darkling, and in ſhadieſt covert hid
Tunes her nocturnal note. Thus with the year
Seaſons return, but not to me returns
Day, or the ſweet approach of ev'n or morn,
Or ſight of vernal bloom, or ſummer's roſe,
Or flocks, or herds, or human face divine;
But cloud inſtead, and ever-during dark
Surrounds me, from the cheerful ways of men
Cut off, and for the book of Knowledge fair
Preſented with a univerſal blank
Of Nature's works to me expung'd and ras'd,
And wiſdom at one entrance quite ſhut out.
So much the rather thou, celeſtial Light,
Shine inward, and the Mind through all her powers
Irradiate, there plant eyes, all miſt from thence
Purge and diſperſe, that I may ſee and tell
Of things inviſible to mortal ſight.
    Now had th' almighty Father from above,
From the pure empyréan where he ſits
High thron'd above all highth, bent down his eye,
His own works and their works at once to view:
About him all the ſanctities of Heaven

Stood thick as ſtars, and from his ſight receiv'd
Beatitude paſt utterance; on his right
The radiant image of his glory ſat,
His only Son; on earth he firſt beheld
Our two firſt Parents, yet the only two
Of mankind, in the happy garden plac'd,
Reaping immortal fruits of joy and love,
Uninterrupted joy, unrival'd love
In bliſsful ſolitude; he then ſurvey'd
Hell and the gulf between, and Satan there
Coaſting the wall of Heav'n on this ſide Night
In the dun air ſublime, and ready now
To ſtoop with wearied wings and willing feet
On the bare outſide of this world, that ſeem'd
Firm land imboſom'd, without firmament,
Uncertain which, in ocean or in air.
Him God beholding from his proſpect high,
Wherein paſt, preſent, future, he beholds,
Thus to his only Son foreſeeing ſpake.
  Only begotten Son, ſeeſt thou what rage
Tranſports our adverſary? whom no bounds
Preſcrib'd, no bars of Hell, nor all the chains
Heap'd on him there, nor yet the main abyſs'
Wide interrupt can hold; ſo bent he ſeems
On deſperate revenge, that ſhall redound
Upon his own rebellious head. And now
Through all reſtraint broke looſe he wings his way
Not far off Heav'n, in the precincts of light,

Directly tow'ards the new created world,
And Man there plac'd, with purpoſe to aſſay
If him by force he can deſtroy, or worſe,
By ſome falſe guile pervert; and ſhall pervert,
For Man will hearken to his glozing lies,
And eaſily tranſgreſs the ſole command,
Sole pledge of his obedience: ſo will fall,
He and his faithleſs progeny: Whoſe fault?
Whoſe but his own? Ingrate, he had of me
All he could have; I made him juſt and right,
Sufficient to have ſtood, though free to fall.
Such I created all th' ethereal powers
And ſpi'rits, both them who ſtood and them who fail'd;
Freely they ſtood who ſtood, and fell who fell.
Not free, what proof could they have giv'n ſincere
Of true allegiance, conſtant faith or love,
Where only what they needs muſt do appear'd,
Not what they would? what praiſe could they receive?
What pleaſure I from ſuch obedience paid,
When will and reaſon (reaſon alſo' is choice)
Uſeleſs and vain, of freedom both deſpoil'd,
Made paſſive both, had ſerv'd Neceſſity,
Not me? They therefore as to right belong'd,
So were created, nor can juſtly' accuſe
Their Maker, or their making, or their fate,
As if predeſtination over-rul'd
Their will, diſpos'd by abſolute decree
Or high foreknowledge; they themſelves decreed

Their own revolt, not I; if I foreknew,
Foreknowledge had no influence on their fault,
Which had no leſs prov'd certain unforeknown.
So without leaſt impulſe or ſhadow' of fate,
Or ought by me immutably foreſeen,
They treſpaſs, authors to themſelves in all
Both what they judge and what they chuſe; for ſo
I form'd them free, and free they muſt remain
Till they inthral themſelves; I elſe muſt change
Their nature, and revoke the high decree
Unchangeable, eternal, which ordain'd
Their freedom, they themſelves ordain'd their fall.
The firſt ſort by their own ſuggeſtion fell,
Self-tempted, ſelf-deprav'd: Man falls, deceiv'd
By th' other firſt: Man therefore ſhall find grace,
The other none: in mercy' and juſtice both,
Through Heav'n and Earth, ſo ſhall my glory' excel,
But mercy firſt and laſt ſhall brighteſt ſhine.
  Thus while God ſpake, ambroſial fragrance fill'd
All Heav'n, and in the bleſſed ſpi'rits elect
Senſe of new joy ineffable diffus'd:
Beyond compare the Son of God was ſeen
Moſt glorious; in him all his Father ſhone
Subſtantially expreſs'd; and in his face
Divine compaſſion viſibly appear'd,
Love without end, and without meaſure grace,
Which utt'ring thus he to his Father ſpake.
  O Father, gracious was that word which clos'd

Thy ſovran ſentence, that Man ſhould find grace;
For which both Heav'n and Earth ſhall high extol
Thy praiſes, with th' innumerable ſound
Of hymns and ſacred ſongs, wherewith thy throne
Incompaſs'd ſhall reſound thee ever bleſt.
For ſhould Man finally be loſt, ſhould Man,
Thy creature late ſo lov'd, thy youngeſt ſon,
Fall circumvented thus by fraud, though join'd
With his own folly? that be from thee far,
That far be from thee, Father, who art judge
Of all things made, and judgeſt only right.
Or ſhall the Adverſary thus obtain
His end, and fruſtrate thine? ſhall he fulfil
His malice, and thy goodneſs bring to nought,
Or proud return, though to his heavier doom,
Yet with revenge accompliſh'd, and to Hell
Draw after him the whole race of Mankind,
By him corrupted? or wilt thou thyſelf
Aboliſh thy creation, and unmake
For him, what for thy glory thou haſt made?
So ſhould thy goodneſs and thy greatneſs both
Be queſtion'd and blaſphem'd without defenſe.
To whom the great Creator thus reply'd.
O Son, in whom my ſoul hath chief delight,
Son of my boſom, Son who art alone
My word, my wiſdom, and effectual might,
All haſt thou ſpoken as my thoughts are, all
As my eternal purpoſe hath decreed:

Man ſhall not quite be loſt, but ſav'd who will,
Yet not of will in him, but grace in me
Freely vouchſaf'd; once more I will renew
His lapſed powers, though forfeit and inthral'd
By ſin to foul exorbitant deſires;
Upheld by me, yet once more he ſhall ſtand
On even ground againſt his mortal foe,
By me upheld, that he may know how frail
His fall'n condition is, and to me owe
All his deliverance, and to none but me.
Some I have choſen of peculiar grace
Elect above the reſt; ſo is my will:
The reſt ſhall hear me call, and oft be warn'd
Their ſinful ſtate, and to appeaſe betimes
Th' incenſed Deity, while offer'd grace
Invites; for I will clear their ſenſes dark,
What may ſuffice, and ſoften ſtony hearts
To pray, repent, and bring obedience due.
To pray'r, repentance, and obedience due,
Though but endevor'd with ſincere intent,
Mine ear ſhall not be ſlow, mine eye not ſhut.
And I will place within them as a guide
My umpire Conſcience, whom if they will hear,
Light after light well us'd they ſhall attain,
And to the end perſiſting, ſafe arrive.
This my long ſuff'rance and my day of grace
They who neglect and ſcorn, ſhall never taſte;
But hard be harden'd, blind be blinded more,

That they may ſtumble on, and deeper fall;
And none but ſuch from mercy I exclude.
But yet all is not done; Man diſobeying,
Diſloyal breaks his fealty, and ſins
Againſt the high ſupremacy of Heav'n,
Affecting Godhead, and ſo loſing all,
To expiate his treaſon hath nought left,
But to deſtruction ſacred and devote,
He with his whole poſterity muſt die,
Die he or Juſtice muſt; unleſs for him
Some other able, and as willing, pay
The rigid ſatisfaction, death for death.
Say heav'nly Powers, where ſhall we find ſuch love?
Which of ye will be mortal to redeem
Man's mortal crime, and juſt th' unjuſt to ſave?
Dwells in all Heaven charity ſo dear?
He aſk'd, but all the heav'nly quire ſtood mute,
And ſilence was in Heav'n: on Man's behalf
Patron or interceſſor none appear'd,
Much leſs that durſt upon his own head draw
The deadly forfeiture, and ranſome ſet.
And now without redemption all Mankind
Muſt have been loſt, adjudg'd to Death and Hell
By doom ſevere, had not the Son of God,
In whom the fulneſs dwells of love divine,
His deareſt mediation thus renew'd.
Father, thy word is paſt, Man ſhall find grace;
And ſhall Grace not find means, that finds her way,

The ſpeedieſt of thy winged meſſengers,
To viſit all thy creatures, and to all
Comes unprevented, unimplor'd, unſought?
Happy for Man, ſo coming; he her aid
Can never ſeek, once dead in ſins and loſt;
Atonement for himſelf or offering meet,
Indebted and undone, hath none to bring:
Behold me then; me for him, life for life
I offer; on me let thine anger fall;
Account me Man; I for his ſake will leave
Thy boſom, and this glory next to thee
Freely put off, and for him laſtly die
Well pleas'd; on me let Death wreck all his rage;
Under his gloomy power I ſhall not long
Lie vanquiſh'd; thou haſt giv'n me to poſſeſs
Life in myſelf for ev'er; by thee I live,
Though now to Death I yield, and am his due
All that of me can die; yet that debt paid,
Thou wilt not leave me in the loathſome grave
His prey, nor ſuffer my unſpotted ſoul
For ever with Corruption there to dwell;
But I ſhall riſe victorious, and ſubdue
My vanquiſher, ſpoil'd of his vaunted ſpoil;
Death his death's wound ſhall then receive, and ſtoop
Inglorious, of his mortal ſting diſarm'd.
I through the ample air in triumph high
Shall lead Hell captive maugre Hell, and ſhow
The powers of darkneſs bound. Thou at the ſight

Pleas'd, out of Heaven ſhalt look down and ſmile,
While by thee rais'd I ruin all my foes,
Death laſt, and with his carcaſs glut the grave:
Then with the multitude of my redeem'd
Shall enter Heav'n long abſent, and return,
Father, to ſee thy face, wherein no cloud
Of anger ſhall remain, but peace aſſur'd
And reconcilement; wrath ſhall be no more
Thenceforth, but in thy preſence joy entire.
His words here ended, but his meek aſpect
Silent yet ſpake, and breath'd immortal love
To mortal men, above which only ſhone
Filial obedience: as a ſacrifice
Glad to be offer'd, he attends the will
Of his great Father. Admiration ſeis'd
All Heav'n what this might mean, and whether tend
Wondring; but ſoon th' Almighty thus reply'd.
O thou in Heav'n and Earth the only peace
Found out for Mankind under wrath, O thou
My ſole complacence! well thou know'ſt how dear
To me are all my works, nor Man the leaſt,
Though laſt created; that for him I ſpare
Thee from my boſom and right hand, to ſave,
By loſing thee a while, the whole race loſt.
Thou therefore, whom thou only canſt redeem,
Their nature alſo to thy nature join;
And be thyſelf Man among men on earth,
Made fleſh, when time ſhall be, of Virgin ſeed,

By wondrous birth: be thou in Adam's room
The head of all Mankind, though Adam's ſon.
As in him periſh all men, ſo in thee,
As from a ſecond root, ſhall be reſtor'd
As many' as are reſtor'd, without thee none.
His crime makes guilty all his ſons; thy merit
Imputed ſhall abſolve them who renounce
Their own both righteous and unrighteous deeds,
And live in thee tranſplanted, and from thee
Receive new life. So Man, as is moſt juſt,
Shall ſatisfy for Man, be judg'd and die,
And dying riſe, and riſing with him raiſe
His brethren, ranſom'd with his own dear life.
So heav'nly love ſhall outdo helliſh hate,
Giving to death, and dying to redeem,
So dearly to redeem what helliſh hate
So eaſily deſtroy'd, and ſtill deſtroys
In thoſe who, when they may, accept not grace.
Nor ſhalt thou, by deſcending to aſſume
Man's nature, leſſen or degrade thine own.
Becauſe thou haſt, though thron'd in higheſt bliſs
Equal to God, and equally enjoying
Godlike fruition, quitted all to ſave
A world from utter loſs, and haſt been found
By merit more than birthright Son of God,
Found worthieſt to be ſo by being good,
Far more than great or high; becauſe in thee
Love hath abounded more than glory' abounds,

Therefore thy humiliation ſhall exalt
With thee thy manhood alſo to this throne;
Here ſhalt thou ſit incarnate, here ſhalt reign
Both God and Man, Son both of God and Man,
Anointed Univerſal King; all power
I give thee; reign for ever, and aſſume
Thy merits; under thee as head ſupreme
Thrones, Princedoms, Pow'rs, Dominions, I reduce:
All knees to thee ſhall bow, of them that bide
In Heav'n, or Earth, or under Earth in Hell.
When thou attended glorioſly from Heav'n
Shalt in the ſky appear, and from thee ſend
The ſummoning arch-angels to proclame
Thy dread tribunal; forthwith from all winds
The living, and forthwith the cited dead
Of all paſt ages, to the general doom
Shall haſten, ſuch a peal ſhall rouſe their ſleep.
Then all thy ſaints aſſembled, thou ſhalt judge
Bad men and angels; they arraign'd ſhall ſink
Beneath thy ſentence; Hell, her numbers full,
Thenceforth ſhall be for ever ſhut. Mean while
The world ſhall burn, and from her aſhes ſpring
New Heav'n and Earth, wherein the juſt ſhall dwell,
And after all their tribulations long
See golden days, fruitful of golden deeds,
With joy and love triumphing, and fair truth.
Then thou thy regal ſcepter ſhalt lay by,
For regal ſcepter then no more ſhall need,

God ſhall be all in all. But all ye gods,
Adore him, who to compaſs all this dies;
Adore the Son, and honor him as me.
  Nor ſooner had th' Almighty ceas'd, but all
The multitude of angels, with a ſhout
Loud as from numbers without number, ſweet
As from bleſt voices, uttering joy, Heav'n rung
With jubilee, and loud hoſannas fill'd
Th' eternal regions: lowly reverent
Tow'ards either throne they bow, and to the ground
With ſolemn adoration down they caſt
Their crowns inwove with amarant and gold;
Immortal amarant, a flow'r which once
In Paradiſe, faſt by the tree of Life,
Began to bloom; but ſoon for man's offenſe
To Heav'n remov'd, where firſt it grew, there grows,
And flow'rs aloft ſhading the fount of Life,
And where the riv'er of Bliſs through midſt of Heav'n
Rolls o'er Elyſian flow'rs her amber ſtream;
With theſe that never fade the ſpi'rits elect
Bind their reſplendent locks inwreath'd with beams,
Now in looſe garlands thick thrown off, the bright
Pavement, that like a ſea of jaſper ſhone,
Impurpled with celeſtial roſes ſmil'd.
Then crown'd again, their golden harps they took,
Harps ever tun'd, that glittering by their ſide
Like quivers hung, and with preamble ſweet
Of charming ſymphony they introduce

Their ſacred ſong, and waken raptures high;
No voice exempt, no voice but well could join
Melodious part, ſuch concord is in Heav'n.
  Thee, Father, firſt they ſung Omnipotent,
Immutable, Immortal, Infinite,
Eternal King; thee Author of all being,
Fountain of light, thyſelf inviſible
Amidſt the glorious brightneſs where thou ſitſt
Thron'd inacceſſible, but when thou ſhad'ſt
The full blaze of thy beams, and through a cloud
Drawn round about thee like a radiant ſhrine,
Dark with exceſſive bright thy ſkirts appear,
Yet dazle Heav'n, that brighteſt ſeraphim
Approach not, but with both wings veil their eyes.
Thee next they ſang of all creation firſt,
Begotten Son, Divine Similitude,
In whoſe conſpicuous count'nance, without cloud
Made viſible, th' almighty Father ſhines,
Whom elſe no creature can behold; on thee
Impreſs'd th' effulgence of his glory abides,
Transfus'd on thee his ample Spirit reſts.
He Heav'n of Heav'ns and all the pow'rs therein
By thee created, and by thee threw down
Th' aſpiring Dominations: thou that day
Thy Father's dreadful thunder didſt not ſpare,
Nor ſtop thy flaming chariot wheels, that ſhook
Heav'n's everlaſting frame, while o'er the necks
Thou drov'ſt of warring angels diſarray'd.

Back from purſuit thy powers with loud acclame
Thee only' extoll'd, Son of thy Father's might,
To execute fierce vengeance on his foes,
Not ſo on man: him through their malice fall'n,
Father of mercy' and grace, thou didſt not doom
So ſtrictly, but much more to pity' incline:
No ſooner did thy dear and only Son
Perceive thee purpos'd not to doom frail Man
So ſtrictly, but much more to pity' inclin'd,
He to appeaſe thy wrath, and end the ſtriſe
Of Mercy' and Juſtice in thy face diſcern'd,
Regardleſs of the bliſs wherein he ſat
Second to thee, offer'd himſelf to die
For Man's offenſe. O unexampled love,
Love no where to be found leſs than divine!
Hail Son of God, Saviour of Men, thy name
Shall be the copious matter of my Song
Henceforth, and never ſhall my harp thy praiſe
Forget, nor from thy Father's praiſe disjoin.
  Thus they in Heav'n, above the ſtarry ſphere,
Their happy hours in joy and hymning ſpent.
Mean while upon the firm opacous globe
Of this round world, whoſe firſt convex divides
The luminous inferior orbs incloſ'd
From Chaos and th' inroad of Darkneſs old,
Satan alighted walks: a globe far off
It ſeem'd, now ſeems a boundleſs continent
Dark, waſte, and wild, under the frown of Night

Starleſs expos'd, and ever-threatning ſtorms
Of Chaos bluſt'ring round, inclement ſky;
Save on that ſide which from the wall of Heav'n,
Though diſtant far, ſome ſmall reflection gains
Of glimmering air leſs vex'd with tempeſt loud:
Here walk'd the Fiend at large in ſpacious field.
As when a vultur on Imaus bred,
Whoſe ſnowy ridge the roving Tartar bounds,
Diſlodging from a region ſcarce of prey
To gorge the fleſh of lambs or yeanling kids
On hills where flocks are fed, flies tow'ard the ſprings
Of Ganges or Hydaſpes, Indian ſtreams;
But in his way lights on the barren plains
Of Sericana, where Chineſes drive
With ſails and wind their cany wagons light:
So on this windy ſea of land the Fiend
Walk'd up and down alone bent on his prey;
Alone, for other creature in this place
Living or lifeleſs to be found was none;
None yet, but ſtore hereafter from the earth
Up hither like aereal vapors flew
Of all things tranſitory' and vain, when Sin
With vanity had fill'd the works of men;
Both all things vain, and all who in vain things
Built their fond hopes of glory' or laſting fame,
Or happineſs in this or th' other life;
All who have their reward on earth, the fruits
Of painful ſuperſtition and blind zeal,

Nought ſeeking but the praiſe of men, here find
Fit retribution, empty as their deeds;
All th' unaccompliſh'd works of Nature's hand,
Abortive, monſtrous, or unkindly mix'd,
Diſſolv'd on earth, fleet hither, and in vain,
Till final diſſolution, wander here,
Not in the neighb'ring moon, as ſome have dream'd;
Thoſe argent fields more likely habitants,
Tranſlated ſaints, or middle ſpirits hold
Betwixt th' angelical and human kind.
Hither of ill-join'd ſons and daughters born
Firſt from the ancient world thoſe giants came
With many a vain exploit, though then renown'd:
The builders next of Babel on the plain
Of Sennaar, and ſtill with vain deſign
New Babels, had they wherewithal, would build:
Others came ſingle; he who to be deem'd
A god, leap'd fondly into Ætna flames,
Empedocles; and he who to enjoy
Plato's Elyſium, leap'd into the ſea,
Cleombrotus; and many more too long,
Embryos and idiots, eremites and friers
White, black, and gray, with all their trumpery.
Here pilgrims roam, that ſtray'd ſo far to ſeek
In Golgotha him dead who lives in Heav'n;
And they who to be ſure of Paradiſe
Dying put on the weeds of Dominic,
Or in Franciſcan think to paſs diſguis'd;

They paſs the planets ſev'n, and paſs the fix'd,
And that cryſtallin ſphere whoſe balance weighs
The trepidation talk'd, and that firſt mov'd;
And now Saint Peter at Heav'n's wicket ſeems
To wait them with his keys, and now at foot
Of Heav'n's aſcent they lift their feet, when lo
A violent croſs wind from either coaſt
Blows them tranſverſe ten thouſand leagues awry
Into the devious air; then might ye ſee
Cowls, hoods, and habits with their wearers toſt
And flutter'd into rags, then reliques, beads,
Indulgences, diſpenſes, pardons, bulls,
The ſport of winds: all theſe upwhirl'd aloft
Fly o'er the backſide of the world far off
Into a Limbo large and broad, ſince call'd
The Paradiſe of Fools, to few unknown
Long after, now unpeopled, and untrod.
All this dark globe the Fiend found as he paſs'd,
And long he wander'd, till at laſt a gleam
Of dawning light turn'd thither-ward in haſte
His travel'd ſteps: far diſtant he deſcries
Aſcending by degrees magnificent
Up to the wall of Heav'n a ſtructure high;
At top whereof, but far more rich appear'd
The work as of a kingly palace gate,
With frontiſpiece of diamond and gold
Embelliſh'd; thick with ſparkling orient gems
The portal ſhone, inimitable on earth

By model, or by ſhading pencil drawn.
The ſtairs were ſuch as whereon Jacob ſaw
Angels aſcending and deſcending, bands
Of guardians bright, when he from Eſau fled
To Padan-Aram, in the field of Luz
Dreaming by night under the open ſky,
And waking cry'd, This is the gate of Heav'n.
Each ſtair myſteriouſly was meant, nor ſtood
There always, but drawn up to Heav'n ſometimes
Viewleſs; and underneath a bright ſea flow'd
Of jaſper, or of liquid pearl, whereon
Who after came from earth, ſailing arriv'd
Wafted by angels, or flew o'er the lake
Rapt in a chariot drawn by fiery ſteeds.
The ſtairs were then let down, whether to dare
The Fiend by eaſy' aſcent, or aggravate
His ſad excluſion from the doors of bliſs:
Direct againſt which open'd from beneath,
Juſt o'er the bliſsful ſeat of Paradiſe,
A paſſage down to th' Earth, a paſſage wide,
Wider by far than that of after times
Over Mount Sion, and, though that were large,
Over the Promis'd Land to God ſo dear,
By which, to viſit oft thoſe happy tribes,
On high beheſts his angels to and fro
Paſs'd frequent, and his eye with choice regard
From Paneas the fount of Jordan's flood
To Beërſaba, where the Holy Land

Borders on Egypt and th' Arabian ſhore;
So wide the opening ſeem'd, where bounds were ſet
To darkneſs, ſuch as bound the ocean wave.
Satan from hence, now on the lower ſtair
That ſcal'd by ſteps of gold to Heaven gate,
Looks down with wonder at the ſudden view
Of all this world at once. As when a ſcout
Through dark and deſert ways with peril gone
All night, at laſt by break of cheerful dawn
Obtains the brow of ſome high-climbing hill,
Which to his eye diſcovers unaware
The goodly proſpect of ſome foreign land
Firſt ſeen, or ſome renown'd metropolis
With gliſt'ring ſpires and pinnacles adorn'd,
Which now the riſing ſun gilds with his beams:
Such wonder ſeis'd, though after Heaven ſeen,
The ſpirit malign, but much more envy ſeis'd,
At ſight of all this world beheld ſo fair.
Round he ſurveys (and well might, where he ſtood
So high above the circling canopy
Of Night's extended ſhade) from eaſtern point
Of Libra to the fleecy ſtar that bears
Andromeda far off Atlantic ſeas
Beyond th' horizon; then from pole to pole
He views in breadth, and without longer pauſe
Down right into the world's firſt region throws
His flight precipitant, and winds with eaſe
Through the pure marble air his oblique way

Amongſt innumerable ſtars, that ſhone
Stars diſtant, but nigh hand ſeem'd other worlds;
Or other worlds they ſeem'd, or happy iles,
Like thoſe Heſperian gardens fam'd of old,
Fortunate fields, and groves, and flow'ry vales,
Thrice happy iles, but who dwelt happy there
He ſtay'd not to inquire: above them all
The golden ſun in ſplendor likeſt Heav'n
Allur'd his eye: thither his courſe he bends
Through the calm firmament, (but up or down,
By center, or eccentric, hard to tell,
Or longitude) where the great luminary
Aloof the vulgar conſtellations thick,
That from his lordly eye keep diſtance due,
Diſpenſes light from far; they as they move
Their ſtarry dance in numbers that compute
Days months and years, tow'rds his all-cheering lamp
Turn ſwift their various motions, or are turn'd
By his magnetic beam, that gently warms
The univerſe, and to each inward part
With gentle penetration, though unſeen,
Shoots inviſible virtue ev'n to the deep;
So wondrouſly was ſet his ſtation bright.
There lands the Fiend, a ſpot like which perhaps
Aſtronomer in the ſun's lucent orb
Through his glaz'd optic tube yet never ſaw.
The place he found beyond expreſſion bright,
Compar'd with ought on earth, metal or ſtone;

Not all parts like, but all alike inform'd
With radiant light, as glowing ir'on with fire;
If metal, part feem'd gold, part filver clear;
If ftone, carbuncle moft or chryfolite,
Ruby or topaz, to the twelve that fhone
In Aaron's breaft-plate, and a ftone befides
Imagin'd rather oft than elfewhere feen,
That ftone, or like to that which here below
Philofophers in vain fo long have fought,
In vain, though by their powerful art they bind
Volatil Hermes, and call up unbound
In various fhapes old Proteus from the fea,
Drain'd through a limbec to his native form.
What wonder then if fields and regions here
Breathe forth elixir pure, and rivers run
Potable gold, when with one virtuous touch
Th' arch-chemic Sun, fo far from us remote,
Produces, with terreftrial humor mix'd,
Here in the dark fo many precious things
Of color glorious, and effect fo rare?
Here matter new to gaze the devil met
Undazled; far and wide his eye commands;
For fight no obftacle found here, nor fhade,
But all fun-fhine, as when his beams at noon
Culminate from th' equator, as they now
Shot upward ftill direct, whence no way round
Shadow from body opaque can fall; and th' air
No where fo clear, fharpen'd his vifual ray

To objects distant far, whereby he soon
Saw within ken a glorious angel stand,
The same whom John saw also in the sun:
His back was turn'd, but not his brightness hid;
Of beaming sunny rays a golden tiar
Circled his head, nor less his locks behind
Illustrious on his shoulders fledge with wings
Lay waving round; on some great charge employ'd
He seem'd, or fix'd in cogitation deep.
Glad was the spi'rit impure, as now in hope
To find who might direct his wand'ring flight
To Paradise the happy seat of Man,
His journey's end and our beginning woe.
But first he casts to change his proper shape,
Which else might work him danger or delay:
And now a stripling cherub he appears,
Not of the prime, yet such as in his face
Youth smil'd celestial, and to every limb
Suitable grace diffus'd, so well he feign'd:
Under a coronet his flowing hair
In curls on either cheek play'd; wings he wore
Of many a color'd plume sprinkled with gold,
His habit fit for speed succinct, and held
Before his decent steps a silver wand.
He drew not nigh unheard; the angel bright,
Ere he drew nigh, his radiant visage turn'd,
Admonish'd by his ear, and strait was known
Th' arch-angel Uriel, one of the seven

Who in God's preſence, neareſt to his throne,
Stand ready at command, and are his eyes
That run through all the Heav'ns, or down to th'Earth
Bear his ſwift errands over moiſt and dry,
O'er ſea and land: him Satan thus accoſts.
 Uriel, for thou of thoſe ſeven ſpi'rits that ſtand
In ſight of God's high throne, glorioufly bright,
The firſt art wont his great authentic will
Interpreter through higheſt Heav'n to bring,
Where all his ſons thy embaſſy attend;
And here art likelieſt by ſupreme decree
Like honor to obtain, and as his eye
To viſit oft this new creation round;
Unſpeakable deſire to ſee, and know
All theſe his wondrous works, but chiefly Man,
His chief delight and favor, him for whom
All theſe his works ſo wondrous he ordain'd,
Hath brought me from the quires of cherubim
Alone thus wand'ring. Brighteſt ſeraph, tell
In which of all theſe ſhining orbs hath Man
His fixed ſeat, or fixed ſeat hath none,
But all theſe ſhining orbs his choice to dwell;
That I may find him, and with ſecret gaze
Or open admiration him behold,
On whom the great Creator hath beſtow'd
Worlds, and on whom hath all theſe graces pour'd;
That both in him and all things, as is meet,
The univerſal Maker we may praiſe,

Who juſtly hath driv'n out his rebel foes
To deepeſt Hell, and to repair that loſs
Created this new happy race of men
To ſerve him better : wiſe are all his ways.
So ſpake the falſe Diſſembler unperceiv'd;
For neither man nor angel can diſcern
Hypocriſy, the only' evil that walks
Inviſible, except to God alone,
By his permiſſive will, through Heav'n and Earth :
And oft though Wiſdom wake, Suſpicion ſleeps
At Wiſdom's gate, and to Simplicity
Reſigns her charge, while Goodneſs thinks no ill
Where no ill ſeems : which now for once beguil'd
Uriel, though regent of the Sun, and held
The ſharpeſt ſighted ſpi'rit of all in Heav'n;
Who to the fraudulent impoſtor foul
In his uprightneſs anſwer thus return'd.
Fair angel, thy deſire which tends to know
The works of God, thereby to glorify
The great Work-maſter, leads to no exceſs
That reaches blame, but rather merits praiſe
The more it ſeems exceſs, that led thee hither
From thy empyreal manſion thus alone,
To witneſs with thine eyes what ſome perhaps
Contented with report hear only' in Heav'n :
For wonderful indeed are all his works,
Pleaſant to know, and worthieſt to be all
Had in remembrance always with delight;

But what created mind can comprehend
Their number, or the wisdom infinite
That brought them forth, but hid their causes deep?
I saw when at his word the formless mass,
This world's material mold, came to a heap:
Confusion heard his voice, and wild Uproar
Stood rul'd, stood vast Infinitude confin'd;
Till at his second bidding Darkness fled,
Light shone, and order from disorder sprung:
Swift to their several quarters hasted then
The cumbrous elements, earth, flood, air, fire;
And this ethereal quintessence of Heav'n
Flew upward, spirited with various forms
That roll'd orbicular, and turn'd to stars
Numberless, as thou seest, and how they move;
Each had his place appointed, each his course;
The rest in circuit walls this universe.
Look downward on that globe, whose hither side
With light from hence, though but reflected, shines;
That place is Earth the seat of Man, that light
His day, which else as th' other hemisphere
Night would invade; but there theneighb'ring Moon
(So call that opposite fair star) her aid
Timely interposes, and her monthly round
Still ending, still renewing, through mid Heav'n,
With borrow'd light her countenance triform
Hence fills and empties to inlighten th' Earth,
And in her pale dominion checks the night.

That ſpot to which I point is Paradiſe,
Adam's abode, thoſe lofty ſhades his bower.
Thy way thou canſt not miſs, me mine requires.
Thus ſaid, he turn'd; and Satan bowing low,
As to ſuperior ſpi'rits is wont in Heav'n,
Where honor due and reverence none neglects,
Took leave, and tow'ard the coaſt of Earth beneath,
Down from th' ecliptic, ſped with hop'd ſucceſs,
Throws his ſteep flight in many an aery wheel,
Nor ſtay'd, till on Niphates' top he lights.

The End of the Third Book.

PARADISE LOST.

BOOK IV.

The Argument.

Satan now in prospect of Eden, and nigh the place where he must now attempt the bold enterprise which he undertook alone against God and Man, falls into many doubts with himself, and many passions, fear, envy, and despair; but at length confirms himself in evil, journeys on to Paradise, whose outward prospect and situation is described, overleaps the bounds, sits in the shape of a cormorant on the tree of Life, as highest in the garden, to look about him. The garden describ'd; Satan's first sight of Adam and Eve; his wonder at their excellent form and happy state, but with resolution to work their fall; overhears their discourse, thence gathers that the tree of Knowledge was forbidden them to eat of, under penalty of death; and thereon intends to found his temptation by seducing them to transgress: then leaves them a while, to know further of their state by some other means. Mean while Uriel descending on a sunbeam warns Gabriel, who had in charge the gate of Paradise, that some evil spirit had escap'd the Deep, and pass'd at noon by his sphere in the shape of a good angel down to Paradise, discovered after by his furious gestures in the mount. Gabriel promises to find him ere morning. Night coming on, Adam and Eve discourse of going to their rest; their bower describ'd; their evening worship. Gabriel drawing forth his bands of night-watch to walk the round of Paradise, appoints two strong angels to Adam's bower, lest the evil spirit should be there doing some harm to Adam or Eve sleeping; there they find him at the ear of Eve, tempting her in a dream, and bring him, though unwilling, to Gabriel; by whom question'd, he scornfully answers, prepares resistance, but hinder'd by a sign from Heaven, flies out of Paradise.

O FOR that warning voice, which he who saw
Th' Apocalyps heard cry in Heav'n aloud,
Then when the Dargon, put to second rout,
Came furious down to be reveng'd on men,

Woe to th' inhabitants on earth! that now,
While time was, our first Parents had been warn'd
The coming of their secret Foe, and 'scap'd,
Haply so 'scap'd his mortal snare; for now
Satan, now first inflam'd with rage, came down,
The tempter ere th' accuser of Mankind,
To wreck on innocent frail Man his loss
Of that first battel, and his flight to Hell:
Yet not rejoicing in his speed, though bold
Far off and fearless, nor with cause to boast,
Begins his dire attempt, which nigh the birth
Now rolling boils in his tumultuous breast,
And like a devi'lish engin back recoils
Upon himself; horror and doubt distract
His troubled thoughts, and from the bottom stir
The hell within him; for within him hell
He brings, and round about him, nor from hell
One step no more than from himself can fly
By change of place: now Conscience wakes Despair
That slumber'd, wakes the bitter memory
Of what he was, what is, and what must be
Worse; of worse deeds worse sufferings must ensue.
Sometimes tow'ards Eden, which now in his view
Lay pleasant, his griev'd look he fixes sad;
Sometimes tow'ards Heav'n and the full blazing sun,
Which now sat high in his meridian tower:
Then much revolving, thus in sighs began.
O Thou that with surpassing glory crown'd,

Look'ſt from thy ſole dominion like the God
Of this new world; at whoſe ſight all the ſtars
Hide their diminiſh'd heads; to thee I call,
But with no friendly voice, and add thy name
O Sun, to tell thee how I hate thy beams,
That bring to my remembrance from what ſtate
I fell, how glorious once above thy ſphere;
Till pride and worſe ambition threw me down
Warring in Heav'n againſt Heav'n's matchleſs King:
Ah wherefore! he deſerv'd no ſuch return
From me, whom he created what I was
In that bright eminence, and with his good
Upbraided none; nor was his ſervice hard.
What could be leſs than to afford him praiſe,
The eaſieſt recompenſe, and pay him thanks,
How due! yet all his good prov'd ill in me,
And wrought but malice; lifted up ſo high
I ſdeind ſubjection, and thought one ſtep higher
Would ſet me hig'heſt, and in a moment quit
The debt immenſe of endleſs gratitude,
So burdenſome ſtill paying, ſtill to owe,
Forgetful what from him I ſtill receiv'd,
And underſtood not that a grateful mind
By owing owes not, but ſtill pays, at once
Indebted and diſcharg'd; what burden then?
O had his powerful deſtiny ordain'd
Me ſome inferior angel, I had ſtood
Then happy; no unbounded hope had rais'd

Ambition. Yet why not? ſome other power
As great might have aſpir'd, and me though mean
Drawn to his part; but other powers as great
Fell not, but ſtand unſhaken, from within
Or from without, to all temptations arm'd.
Hadſt thou the ſame free will and power to ſtand?
Thou hadſt: whom haſt thou then or what t' accuſe,
But Heav'n's free love dealt equally to all?
Be then his love accurs'd, ſince love or hate,
To me alike, it deals eternal woe.
Nay curs'd be thou; ſince againſt his thy will
Choſe freely what it now ſo juſtly rues.
Me miſerable! which way ſhall I fly
Infinite wrath, and infinite deſpair?
Which way I fly is Hell; myſelf am Hell;
And in the loweſt deep a lower deep
Still threat'ning to devour me opens wide,
To which the hell I ſuffer ſeems a heaven.
O then at laſt relent: is there no place
Left for repentance, none for pardon left?
None left but by ſubmiſſion; and that word
Diſdain forbids me, and my dread of ſhame
Among the ſpi'rits beneath, whom I ſeduc'd
With other promiſes and other vaunts
Than to ſubmit, boaſting I could ſubdue
Th' Omnipotent. Ay me, they little know
How dearly I abide that boaſt ſo vain,
Under what torments inwardly I groan,

While they adore me on the throne of Hell,
With diadem and ſcepter high advanc'd,
The lower ſtill I fall, only ſupreme
In miſery; ſuch joy ambition finds.
But ſay I could repent, and could obtain
By act of grace my former ſtate; how ſoon
Would highth recal high thoughts, how ſoon unſay
What feign'd ſubmiſſion ſwore? eaſe would recant
Vows made in pain, as violent and void:
For never can true reconcilement grow
Where wounds of deadly hate have pierc'd ſo deep:
Which would but lead me to a worſe relapſe
And heavier fall: ſo ſhould I purchaſe dear
Short intermiſſion bought with double ſmart.
This knows my Puniſher; therefore as far
From granting he, as I from begging peace:
All hope excluded thus, behold in ſtead
Of us out-caſt, exil'd, his new delight,
Mankind created, and for him this world.
So farewel Hope, and with hope farewel Fear,
Farewel Remorſe: all good to me is loſt;
Evil be thou my good; by thee at leaſt
Divided empire with Heav'n's King I hold,
By thee, and more than half perhaps will reign;
As Man ere long, and this new world ſhall know.
Thus while he ſpake, each paſſion dimm'd his face
Thrice chang'd with pale, ire, envy, and deſpair;
Which marr'd his borrow'd viſage, and betray'd

Him counterfeit, if any eye beheld.
For heav'nly minds from ſuch diſtempers foul
Are ever clear. Whereof he ſoon aware,
Each perturbation ſmooth'd with outward calm,
Artificer of fraud; and was the firſt
That practis'd falſhood under ſaintly ſhow,
Deep malice to conceal, couch'd with revenge:
Yet not enough had practis'd to deceive
Uriel once warn'd; whoſe eye purſued him down
The way he went, and on th' Aſſyrian mount
Saw him diſfigur'd, more than could befal
Spirit of happy ſort: his geſtures fierce
He mark'd and mad demeanour, then alone,
As he ſuppos'd, all unobſerv'd, unſeen.
So on he fares, and to the border comes
Of Eden, where delicious Paradiſe,
Now nearer, crowns with her incloſure green,
As with a rural mound, the champain head
Of a ſteep wilderneſs, whoſe hairy ſides
With thicket overgrown, groteſque and wild,
Acceſs deny'd; and over head up grew
Inſuperable highth of loftieſt ſhade,
Cedar, and pine, and fir, and branching palm,
A ſylvan ſcene, and as the ranks aſcend
Shade above ſhade, a woody theatre
Of ſtatelieſt view. Yet higher than their tops
The verd'rous wall of Paradiſe up ſprung;
Which to our general Sire gave proſpect large

Into his nether empire neighb'ring round:
And higher than that wall a circling row
Of goodlieſt trees loaden with faireſt fruit,
Bloſſoms and fruits at once of golden hue,
Appear'd, with gay enamel'd colors mix'd:
On which the ſun more glad impreſs'd his beams
Than in fair evening cloud, or humid bow,
When God hath ſhower'd the earth; ſo lovely ſeem'd
That landſkip: and of pure now purer air
Meets his approach, and to the heart inſpires
Vernal delight and joy, able to drive
All ſadneſs but deſpair: now gentle gales
Fanning their odoriferous wings diſpenſe
Native perfumes, and whiſper whence they ſtole
Thoſe balmy ſpoils. As when to them who ſail
Beyond the Cape of Hope, and now are paſt
Mozambic, off at ſea north-eaſt winds blow
Sabean odors from the ſpicy ſhore
Of Araby the Bleſt; with ſuch delay
Well pleas'd they ſlack their courſe, and many a league
Cheer'd with the grateful ſmell old Ocean ſmiles:
So entertain'd thoſe odorous ſweets the Fiend
Who came their bane, though with them better pleas'd
Than Aſmodëus with the fiſhy fume
That drove him, though enamour'd, from the ſpouſe
Of Tobit's ſon, and with a vengeance ſent
From Media poſt to Egypt, there faſt bound.
Now to th' aſcent of that ſteep ſavage hill

Satan had journey'd on, pensive and slow;
But further way found none, so thick intwin'd,
As one continued brake, the undergrowth
Of shrubs and tangling bushes had perplex'd
All path of man or beast that pass'd that way:
One gate there only was, and that look'd east
On the other side: which when th' Arch-felon saw,
Due entrance he disdain'd, and in contempt,
At one slight bound high overleap'd all bound
Of hill or highest wall, and sheer within
Lights on his feet. As when a prowling wolf,
Whom hunger drives to seek new haunt for prey,
Watching where shepherds pen their flocks at eve
In hurdled cotes amid the field secure,
Leaps o'er the fence with ease into the fold:
Or as a thief bent to unhoard the cash
Of some rich burgher, whose substantial doors,
Cross-barr'd and bolted fast, fear no assault,
In at the window climbs, or o'er the tiles:
So clomb this first grand Thief into God's fold;
So since into his church lewd hirelings climb.
Thence up he flew, and on the tree of Life,
The middle tree and highest there that grew,
Sat like a cormorant; yet not true life
Thereby regain'd, but sat devising death
To them who liv'd; nor on the virtue thought
Of that life-giving plant, but only us'd
For prospect, what well us'd had been the pledge

Of immortality. So little knows
Any, but God alone, to value right
The good before him, but perverts beſt things
To worſt abuſe, or to their meaneſt uſe.
Beneath him with new wonder now he views
To all delight of human ſenſe expos'd
In narrow room Nature's whole wealth, yea more,
A heav'n on earth: for bliſsful Paradiſe
Of God the garden was, by him in th' eaſt
Of Eden planted; Eden ſtretch'd her line
From Auran eaſtward to the royal towers
Of great Seleucia, built by Grecian kings,
Or where the ſons of Eden long before
Dwelt in Telaſſar: in this pleaſant ſoil
His far more pleaſant garden God ordain'd;
Out of the fertil ground he caus'd to grow
All trees of nobleſt kind for ſight, ſmell, taſte;
And all amid them ſtood the tree of Life,
High eminent, blooming ambroſial fruit
Of vegetable gold; and next to Life,
Our death the tree of Knowledge grew faſt by,
Knowledge of good bought dear by knowing ill.
Southward through Eden went a river large,
Nor chang'd his courſe, but through the ſhaggy hill
Paſs'd underneath ingulf'd; for God had thrown
That mountain as his garden mold high rais'd
Upon the rapid current, which through veins
Of porous earth with kindly thirſt up drawn,

Roſe a freſh fountain, and with many a rill
Water'd the garden; thence united fell
Down the ſteep glade, and met the nether flood,
Which from his darkſome paſſage now appears,
And now divided into four main ſtreams,
Runs diverſe, wand'ring many a famous realm
And country, whereof here needs no account;
But rather to tell how, if Art could tell,
How from that ſaphir fount the criſped brooks,
Rolling on orient pearl and ſands of gold,
With mazy error under pendent ſhades
Ran nectar, viſiting each plant, and fed
Flow'rs, worthy' of Paradiſe, which not nice Art
In beds and curious knots, but Nature boon
Pour'd forth profuſe on hill and dale and plain,
Both where the morning ſun firſt warmly ſmote
The open field, and where the unpierc'd ſhade
Imbrown'd the noontide bow'rs: thus was this place
A happy rural ſeat of various view;
Groves whoſe rich trees wept odorous gums and balm,
Others whoſe fruit burniſh'd with golden rind
Hung amiable, Heſperian fables true,
If true, here only', and of delicious taſte:
Betwixt them lawns, or level downs, and flocks
Grazing the tender herb, were interpos'd,
Or palmy hilloc; or the flow'ry lap
Of ſome irriguous valley ſpread her ſtore,
Flow'rs of all hue, and without thorn the roſe:

Another ſide, umbrageous grots and caves
Of cool receſs, o'er which the mantling vine
Lays forth her purple grape, and gently creeps
Luxuriant; mean while murm'ring waters fall
Down the ſlope hills, diſpers'd, or in a lake,
That to the fringed bank with myrtle crown'd
Her cryſtal mirror holds, unite their ſtreams.
The birds their quire apply; airs, vernal airs,
Breathing the ſmell of field and grove, attune
The trembling leaves, while univerſal Pan
Knit with the Graces and the Hours in dance
Led on th' eternal Spring. Not that fair field
Of Enna, where Proſerpin gathering flowers,
Herſelf a fairer flow'r, by gloomy Dis
Was gather'd, which coſt Ceres all that pain
To ſeek her through the world; nor that ſweet grove
Of Daphne by Orontes, and th' inſpir'd
Caſtalian ſpring, might with this paradiſe
Of Eden ſtrive; nor that Nyſeian ile
Girt with the river Triton, where old Cham,
Whom Gentiles Ammon call and Lybian Jove,
Hid Amalthea and her florid ſon
Young Bacchus from his ſtepdame Rhea's eye;
Nor where Abaſſin kings their iſſue guard,
Mount Amara, though this by ſome ſuppos'd
True Paradiſe under the Ethiop line
By Nilus' head, inclos'd with ſhining rock,
A whole day's journey high, but wide remote

From this Aſſyrian garden, where the Fiend
Saw undelighted all delight, all kind
Of living creatures new to ſight and ſtrange.
Two of far nobler ſhape erect and tall,
Godlike erect, with native honor clad
In naked majeſty ſeem'd lords of all,
And worthy ſeem'd; for in their looks divine
The image of their glorious Maker ſhone,
Truth, wiſdom, ſanctitude ſevere and pure,
(Severe but in true filial freedom plac'd)
Whence true authority in men; though both
Not equal, as their ſex not equal ſeem'd;
For contemplation he and valor form'd,
For ſoftneſs ſhe and ſweet attractive grace;
He for God only, ſhe for God in him:
His fair large front and eye ſublime declar'd
Abſolute rule; and Hyacinthin locks
Round from his parted forelock manly hung
Cluſtring, but not beneath his ſhoulders broad:
She as a veil down to the ſlender waſte
Her unadorned golden treſſes wore
Diſhevel'd, but in wanton ringlets wav'd
As the vine curls her tendrils, which imply'd
Subjection, but requir'd with gentle ſway,
And by her yielded, by him beſt receiv'd,
Yielded with coy ſubmiſſion, modeſt pride,
And ſweet reluctant amorous delay.
Nor thoſe myſterious parts were then conceal'd,

Then was not guilty ſhame, diſhoneſt ſhame
Of Nature's works, honor diſhonourable,
Sin-bred, how have ye troubled all mankind
With ſhows inſtead, mere ſhows of ſeeming pure,
And baniſh'd from man's life his happieſt life,
Simplicity and ſpotleſs innocence!
So paſs'd they naked on, nor ſhunn'd the ſight
Of God or angel, for they thought no ill:
So hand in hand they paſs'd, the loveliest pair
That ever ſince in Love's embraces met;
Adam the goodlieſt man of men ſince born
His ſons, the faireſt of her daughters Eve.
Under a tuft of ſhade that on a green
Stood whiſp'ring ſoft, by a freſh fountain ſide
They ſat them down; and after no more toil
Of their ſweet gard'ning labor then ſuffic'd
To recommend cool Zephyr, and made eaſe
More eaſy, wholſome thirſt and appetite
More grateful, to their ſupper fruits they fell,
Nectarin fruits which the compliant boughs
Yielded them, ſide-long as they ſat recline
On the ſoft downy bank damaſk'd with flowers:
The ſavory pulp they chew, and in the rind
Still as they thirſted ſcoop the brimming ſtream;
Nor gentle purpoſe, nor endearing ſmiles
Wanted, nor youthful dalliance as beſeems
Fair couple, link'd in happy nuptial league,
Alone as they. About them friſking play'd

All beaſts of th' earth, ſince wild, and of all chaſe
In wood or wilderneſs, foreſt or den;
Sporting the lion ramp'd, and in his paw
Dandled the kid; bears, tigers, ounces, pards,
Gambol'd before them; th' unwieldy elephant
To make them mirth us'd all his might, and wreath'd
His lithe proboſcis; cloſe the ſerpent ſly
Inſinuating, wove with Gordian twine
His braided train, and of his fatal guile
Gave proof unheeded; others on the graſs
Couch'd, and now fill'd with paſture gazing ſat,
Or bedward ruminating; for the ſun
Declin'd was haſting now with prone career
To th' ocean iles, and in th' aſcending ſcale
Of Heav'n the ſtars that uſher evening roſe:
When Satan ſtill in gaze, as firſt he ſtood,
Scarce thus at length fail'd ſpeech recover'd ſad.
O Hell! what do mine eyes with grief behold!
Into our room of bliſs thus high advanc'd
Creatures of other mold, Earth-born perhaps,
Not ſpirits, yet to heav'nly ſpirits bright
Little inferior; whom my thoughts purſue
With wonder, and could love, ſo lively ſhines
In them divine reſemblance, and ſuch grace
The Hand that form'd them on their ſhape hath pour'd.
Ah gentle Pair, ye little think how nigh
Your change approaches, when all theſe delights
Will vaniſh and deliver ye to woe,

More woe, the more your taſte is now of joy;
Happy, but for ſo happy ill ſecur'd
Long to continue, and this high ſeat your heav'n
Ill fenc'd for Heav'n to keep out ſuch a foe
As now is enter'd; yet no purpos'd foe
To you, whom I could pity thus forlorn,
Though I unpitied: league with you I ſeek,
And mutual amity ſo ſtrait, ſo cloſe,
That I with you muſt dwell, or you with me
Henceforth; my dwelling haply may not pleaſe,
Like this fair Paradiſe, your ſenſe, yet ſuch
Accept your Maker's work; he gave it me,
Which I as freely give; Hell ſhall unfold,
To entertain you two, her wideſt gates,
And ſend forth all her kings; there will be room,
Not like theſe narrow limits, to receive
Your numerous offspring; if no better place,
Thank him who puts me loath to this revenge
On you who wrong me not for him who wrong'd.
And ſhould I at your harmleſs innocence
Melt, as I do, yet public reaſon juſt,
Honor and empire with revenge inlarg'd,
By conqu'ring this new world, compels me now
To do what elſe though damn'd I ſhould abhor.
So ſpake the Fiend, and with neceſſity,
The tyrant's plea, excus'd his devilish deeds.
Then from his lofty ſtand on that high tree
Down he alights among the ſportful herd

Of thoſe four-footed kinds, himſelf now one,
Now other, as their ſhape ſerv'd beſt his end
Nearer to view his prey, and uneſpy'd
To mark what of their ſtate he more might learn
By word or action mark'd: about them round
A lion now he ſtalks with fiery glare;
Then as a tiger, who by chance hath ſpy'd
In ſome purlieu two gentle fawns at play,
Strait couches cloſe, then riſing changes oft
His couchant watch, as one who choſe his ground,
Whence ruſhing he might ſureſt ſeiſe them both
Grip'd in each paw: when Adam firſt of men
To firſt of women Eve thus moving ſpeech,
Turn'd him all ear to hear new utterance flow.
Sole Partner, and ſole part, of all theſe joys,
Dearer thyſelf than all; needs muſt the Power
That made us, and for us this ample world,
Be infinitely good, and of his good
As liberal and free as infinite;
That rais'd us from the duſt and plac'd us here
In all this happineſs, who at his hand
Have nothing merited, nor can perform
Ought whereof he hath need, he who requires
From us no other ſervice than to keep
This one, this eaſy charge, of all the trees
In Paradiſe that bear delicious fruit
So various, not to taſte that only tree
Of Knowledge, planted by the tree of Life;

So near grows death to life, whate'er death is,
Some dreadful thing no doubt; for well thou know'st
God hath pronounc'd it death to taste that tree,
The only sign of our obedience left
Among so many signs of power and rule
Conferr'd upon us, and dominion given
Over all other creatures that possess
Earth, air, and sea. Then let us not think hard
One easy prohibition, who enjoy
Free leave so large to all things else, and choice
Unlimited of manifold delights:
But let us ever praise him, and extol
His bounty, following our delightful task
To prune these growing plants, and tend these flowers,
Which were it toilsome, yet with thee were sweet.
To whom thus Eve reply'd. O thou for whom
And from whom I was form'd flesh of thy flesh,
And without whom am to no end, my guide
And head, what thou hast said is just and right.
For we to him indeed all praises owe,
And daily thanks; I chiefly who enjoy
So far the happier lot, enjoying thee
Præeminent by so much odds, while thou
Like consort to thyself canst no where find.
That day I oft remember, when from sleep
I first awak'd, and found myself repos'd
Under a shade on flow'rs, much wond'ring where
And what I was, whence thither brought, and how.

Not diſtant far from thence a murm'ring ſound
Of waters iſſued from a cave, and ſpread
Into a liquid plain, then ſtood unmov'd
Pure as th' expanſe of Heav'n; I thither went
With unexperienc'd thought, and laid me down
On the green bank, to look into the clear
Smooth lake, that to me ſeem'd another ſky.
As I bent down to look, juſt oppoſit
A ſhape within the watry gleam appear'd,
Bending to look on me: I ſtarted back,
It ſtarted back; but pleas'd I ſoon return'd,
Pleas'd it return'd as ſoon with anſw'ring looks
Of ſympathy and love: there I had fix'd
Mine eyes till now, and pin'd with vain deſire,
Had not a voice thus warn'd me, What thou ſeeſt,
What there thou ſeeſt, fair creature, is thyſelf;
With thee it came and goes; but follow me,
And I will bring thee where no ſhadow ſtays
Thy coming, and thy ſoft embraces, he
Whoſe image thou art; him thou ſhalt enjoy
Inſeparably thine, to him ſhalt bear
Multitudes like thyſelf, and thence be call'd
Mother of Human Race. What could I do,
But follow ſtrait, inviſibly thus led?
Till I eſpy'd thee, fair indeed and tall,
Under a platan; yet methought leſs fair,
Leſs winning ſoft, leſs amiably mild,
Than that ſmooth watry image: back I turn'd;

Thou following cry'dſt aloud, Return fair Eve,
Whom fly'ſt thou? whom thou fly'ſt, of him thou art,
His fleſh, his bone; to give thee be'ing I lent
Out of my ſide to thee, neareſt my heart,
Subſtantial life, to have thee by my ſide
Henceforth an individual ſolace dear;
Part of my ſoul I ſeek thee, and thee claime
My other half: with that thy gentle hand
Seis'd mine; I yielded, and from that time ſee
How beauty is excell'd by manly grace
And wiſdom, which alone is truly fair.
So ſpake our general Mother, and with eyes
Of conjugal attraction unreprov'd,
And meek ſurrender, half embracing lean'd
On our firſt Father; half her ſwelling breaſt
Naked met his under the flowing gold
Of her looſe treſſes hid: he in delight
Both of her beauty and ſubmiſſive charms
Smil'd with ſuperior love, as Jupiter
On Juno ſmiles, when he impregns the clouds
That ſhed May flow'rs; and preſs'd her matron lip
With kiſſes pure: aſide the Devil turn'd
For envy, yet with jealous leer malign
Ey'd them aſkance, and to himſelf thus plain'd.
Sight hateful, ſight tormenting! thus theſe two
Imparadis'd in one another's arms,
The happier Eden, ſhall enjoy their fill
Of bliſs on bliſs; while I to Hell am thruſt,

Where neither joy nor love, but fierce deſire,
Among our other torments not the leaſt
Still unfulfill'd with pain of longing pines.
Yet let me not forget what I have gain'd
From their own mouths: all is not theirs it ſeems;
One fatal tree there ſtands of Knowledge call'd
Forbidden them to taſte: knowledge forbidden?
Suſpicious, reaſonleſs. Why ſhould their Lord
Envy them that? can it be ſin to know?
Can it be death? and do they only ſtand
By ignorance? is that their happy ſtate,
The proof of their obedience and their faith?
O fair foundation laid whereon to build
Their ruin! Hence I will excite their minds
With more deſire to know, and to reject
Envious commands, invented with deſign
To keep them low whom knowledge might exalt
Equal with gods: aſpiring to be ſuch,
They taſte and die: what likelier can enſue?
But firſt with narrow ſearch I muſt walk round
This garden, and no corner leave unſpy'd;
A chance but Chance may lead where I may meet
Some wand'ring ſpi'rit of Heav'n by fountain ſide,
Or in thick ſhade retir'd, from him to draw
What further would be learn'd. Live while ye may,
Yet happy pair; enjoy, till I return,
Short pleaſures, for long woes are to ſucceed.
So ſaying, his proud ſtep he ſcornful turn'd,

But with ſly circumſpection, and began
Through wood, through waſte, o'er hill, o'er dale, his roam.
Mean while in utmoſt longitude, where heav'n
With earth and ocean meets, the ſetting ſun
Slowly deſcended, and with right aſpect
Againſt the eaſtern gate of Paradiſe
Levell'd his evening rays: it was a rock
Of alabaſter, pil'd up to the clouds,
Conſpicuous far, winding with one aſcent
Acceſſible from earth, one entrance high;
The reſt was craggy cliff, that overhung
Still as it roſe, impoſſible to climb.
Betwixt theſe rocky pillars Gabriel ſat,
Chief of th' angelic guards, awaiting night;
About him exercis'd heroic games
Th' unarm'd youth of Heav'n, but nigh at hand
Celeſtial armoury, ſhields, helms, and ſpears,
Hung high with diamond flaming, and with gold.
Thither came Uriel, gliding through the even
On a ſun beam, ſwift as a ſhooting ſtar
In autumn thwarts the night, when vapors fir'd
Impreſs the air, and ſhows the mariner
From what point of his compaſs to beware
Impetuous winds: he thus began in haſte.
  Gabriel, to thee thy courſe by lot hath given
Charge and ſtrict watch, that to this happy place
No evil thing approach or enter in.
This day at highth of noon came to my ſphere

A ſpirit, zealous, as he ſeem'd, to know
More of th' Almighty's works, and chiefly Man,
God's lateſt image: I deſcrib'd his way
Bent all on ſpeed, and mark'd his aery gate;
But in the mount that lies from Eden north,
Where he firſt lighted, ſoon diſcern'd his looks
Alien from Heav'n, with paſſions foul obſcur'd:
Mine eye purſued him ſtill, but under ſhade
Loſt ſight of him: one of the baniſh'd crew,
I fear, hath ventur'd from the Deep, to raiſe
New troubles; him thy care muſt be to find.
To whom the winged warrior thus return'd.
Uriel, no wonder if thy perfect ſight,
Amid the ſun's bright circle where thou ſitſt,
See far and wide: in at this gate none paſs
The vigilance here plac'd, but ſuch as come
Well known from Heav'n; and ſince meridian hour
No creature thence: if ſpi'rit of other ſort,
So minded, have o'er-leap'd theſe earthy bounds
On purpoſe, hard thou know'ſt it to exclude
Spiritual ſubſtance with corporeal bar.
But if within the circuit of theſe walks,
In whatſoever ſhape he lurk, of whom
Thou tell'ſt, by morrow dawning I ſhall know.
So promis'd he; and Uriel to his charge
Return'd on that bright beam, whoſe point now raiſ'd
Bore him ſlope downward to the ſun now fall'n
Beneath th' Azores; whether the prime orb,

Incredible how ſwift, had thither roll'd
Diurnal, or this leſs voluble Earth,
By ſhorter flight to th' Eaſt, had left him there
Arraying with reflected purple' and gold
The clouds that on his weſtern throne attend.
Now came ſtill Evening on, and Twilight gray
Had in her ſober livery all things clad;
Silence accompanied; for beaſt and bird,
They to their graſſy couch, theſe to their neſts
Were ſlunk, all but the wakeful nightingale;
She all night long her amorous deſcant ſung;
Silence was pleas'd: now glow'd the firmament
With living ſaphirs: Heſperus that led
The ſtarry hoſt, rode brighteſt, till the Moon
Riſing in clouded majeſty, at length
Apparent queen unveil'd her peerleſs light,
And o'er the dark her ſilver mantle threw.
  When Adam thus to Eve. Fair Conſort, th' hour
Of night, and all things now retir'd to reſt
Mind us of like repoſe, ſince God hath ſet
Labor and reſt, as day and night to men
Succeſſive; and the timely dew of ſleep
Now falling with ſoft ſlumbrous weight inclines
Our eye-lids: other creatures all day long
Rove idle unemploy'd, and leſs need reſt;
Man hath his daily work of body' or mind
Appointed, which declares his dignity,
And the regard of Heav'n on all his ways;

While other animals unactive range,
And of their doings God takes no account.
To morrow ere freſh morning ſtreak the eaſt
With firſt approach of light, we muſt be riſen,
And at our pleaſant labor, to reform
Yon flow'ry arbors, yonder alleys green,
Our walk at noon, with branches overgrown,
That mock our ſcant manuring, and require
More hands than ours to lop their wanton growth:
Thoſe bloſſoms alſo, and thoſe dropping gums,
That lie beſtrown unſightly and unſmooth,
Aſk riddance, if we mean to tread with eaſe;
Mean while, as Nature wills, Night bids us reſt.
  To whom thus Eve with perfect beauty' adorn'd.
My Author and Diſpoſer, what thou bidſt
Unargued I obey; ſo God ordains;
God is thy law, thou mine: to know no more
Is woman's happieſt knowledge and her praiſe.
With thee converſing I forget all time;
All ſeaſons and their change, all pleaſe alike.
Sweet is the breath of Morn, her riſing ſweet,
With charm of earlieſt birds; pleaſant the Sun,
When firſt on this delightful land he ſpreads
His orient beams, on herb, tree, fruit, and flower,
Gliſt'ring with dew; fragrant the fertil Earth
After ſoft ſhow'rs; and ſweet the coming on
Of grateful Evening mild; then ſilent Night
With this her ſolemn bird, and this fair moon,

And theſe the gems of Heav'n, her ſtarry train:
But neither breath of Morn, when ſhe aſcends
With charm of earlieſt birds; nor riſing ſun
On this delightful land; nor herb, fruit, flower,
Gliſt'ring with dew; nor fragrance after ſhow'rs;
Nor grateful Evening mild; nor ſilent Night
With this her ſolemn bird, nor walk by moon,
Or glitt'ring ſtar-light, without thee is ſweet.
But wherefore all night long ſhine theſe? for whom
This glorious ſight, when ſleep hath ſhut all eyes?
To whom our general Anceſtor reply'd.
Daughter of God and Man, accompliſh'd Eve,
Theſe have their courſe to finiſh round the earth
By morrow evening, and from land to land
In order, though to nations yet unborn,
Miniſtring light prepar'd, they ſet and riſe;
Leſt total Darkneſs ſhould by night regain
Her old poſſeſſion, and extinguiſh life
In Nature and all things, which theſe ſoft fires
Not only' inlighten, but with kindly heat
Of various influence foment and warm,
Temper or nouriſh, or in part ſhed down
Their ſtellar virtue on all kinds that grow
On earth, made hereby apter to receive
Perfection from the ſun's more potent ray.
Theſe then, though unbeheld in deep of night,
Shine not in vain; nor think, though men were none,
That Heav'n would want ſpectators, God want praiſe:

Millions of ſpiritual creatures walk the earth
Unſeen, both when we wake and when we ſleep:
All theſe with ceaſeleſs praiſe his works behold
Both day and night: how often from the ſteep
Of echoing hill or thicket have we heard
Celeſtial voices to the midnight air,
Sole, or reſponſive each to others note,
Singing their great Creator? oft in bands
While they keep watch, or nightly rounding walk
With heav'nly touch of inſtrumental ſounds
In full harmonic number join'd, their ſongs
Divide the night, and lift our thoughts to Heav'n.
Thus talking hand in hand alone they paſs'd
On to their bliſsful bow'r; it was a place
Choſ'n by the ſovran Planter, when he fram'd
All things to man's delightful uſe; the roof
Of thickeſt covert was inwoven ſhade
Laurel and myrtle, and what higher grew
Of firm and fragrant leaf; on either ſide
Acanthus, and each odorous buſhy ſhrub
Fenc'd up the verdant wall; each beauteous flower,
Iris all hues, roſes, and jeſſamin
Rear'd high their floriſh'd heads between, and wrought
Moſaic; under foot the violet,
Crocus, and Hyacinth with rich inlay
Broider'd the ground, more color'd than with ſtone
Of coſtlieſt emblem: other creature here,
Beaſt, bird, inſect, or worm durſt enter none,

Such was their awe of Man. In shadier bow'r
More sacred and sequester'd, though but feign'd,
Pan or Sylvanus never slept, nor Nymph,
Nor Faunus haunted. Here in close recess
With flowers, garlands, and sweet-smelling herbs
Espoused Eve deck'd first her nuptial bed,
And heav'nly quires the hymenæan sung,
What day the genial angel to our Sire
Brought her in naked beauty more adorn'd,
More lovely than Pandora, whom the gods
Endow'd with all their gifts, and O too like
In sad event, when to th' unwiser son
Of Japhet brought by Hermes, she insnar'd
Mankind with her fair looks, to be aveng'd
On him who had stole Jove's authentic fire.
    Thus at their shady lodge arriv'd, both stood,
Both turn'd, and under open sky ador'd
The God that made both sky, air, earth, and heaven,
Which they beheld, the moon's resplendent globe,
And starry pole: thou also mad'st the night,
Maker Omnipotent, and thou the day,
Which we in our appointed work employ'd
Have finish'd, happy in our mutual help
And mutual love, the crown of all our bliss
Ordain'd by thee, and this delicious place
For us too large, where thy abundance wants
Partakers, and uncropt falls to the ground.
But thou hast promis'd from us two a race

To fill the Earth, who ſhall with us extol
Thy goodneſs infinite, both when we wake,
And when we ſeek, as now, thy gift of ſleep.
  This ſaid unanimous, and other rites
Obſerving none, but adoration pure
Which God likes beſt, into their inmoſt bow'r
Handed they went; and eas'd the putting off
Theſe troubleſome diſguiſes which we wear,
Strait ſide by ſide were laid; nor turn'd I ween
Adam from his fair ſpouſe, nor Eve the rites
Myſterious of connubial love refus'd:
Whatever hypocrites auſterely talk
Of purity and place and innocence,
Defaming as impure what God declares
Pure, and commands to ſome, leaves free to all.
Our Maker bids increaſe; who bids abſtain
But our Deſtroyer, foe to God and Man?
Hail wedded Love, myſterious law, true ſource
Of human offspring, ſole propriety
In Paradiſe of all things common elſe.
By thee adult'rous Luſt was driv'n from men
Among the beſtial herds to range; by thee
Founded in reaſon, loyal, juſt, and pure,
Relations dear, and all the charities
Of father, ſon, and brother, firſt were known.
Far be' it, that I ſhould write thee ſin or blame,
Or think thee unbefitting holieſt place,
Perpetual fountain of domeſtic ſweets,

Whoſe bed is undefil'd and chaſte pronounc'd,
Preſent, or paſt, as ſaints and patriarchs us'd.
Here Love his golden ſhafts employs, here lights
His conſtant lamp, and waves his purple wings,
Reigns here and revels; not in the bought ſmile
Of harlots, loveleſs, joyleſs, unindear'd,
Caſual fruition; nor in court amours,
Mix'd dance, or wanton maſk, or midnight ball,
Of ſerenate, which the ſtarv'd lover ſings
To his proud fair, beſt quitted with diſdain.
Theſe lull'd by nightingales embracing ſlept,
And on their naked limbs the flow'ry roof
Shower'd roſes, which the morn repair'd. Sleep on,
Bleſt Pair; and O yet happieſt, if ye ſeek
No happier ſtate, and know to know no more.
  Now had Night meaſur'd with her ſhadowy cone
Half way up hill this vaſt ſublunar vault,
And from their ivory port the cherubim
Forth iſſuing at th' accuſtom'd hour ſtood arm'd
To their night watches in warlike parade,
When Gabriel to his next in power thus ſpake.
  Uzziel, half theſe draw off, and coaſt the South
With ſtricteſt watch; theſe other wheel the North;
Our circuit meets full Weſt. As flame they part,
Half wheeling to the ſhield, half to the ſpear.
From theſe, two ſtrong and ſubtle ſpi'rits he call'd
That near him ſtood, and gave them thus in charge.
  Ithuriel and Zephon, with wing'd ſpeed
Search through this Garden, leave unſearch'd no nook;

But chiefly where those two fair creatures lodge,
Now laid perhaps asleep secure of harm.
This evening from the sun's decline arriv'd
Who tells of some infernal spirit seen
Hitherward bent (who could have thought?) escap'd
The bars of Hell, on errand bad no doubt:
Such where ye find, seise fast, and hither bring.
So saying, on he led his radiant files,
Dazzling the moon; these to the bow'r direct
In search of whom they sought: him there they found
Squat like a toad, close at the ear of Eve,
Assaying by his devilish art to reach
The organs of her fancy', and with them forge
Illusions as he list, phantasms and dreams,
Or if, inspiring venom, he might taint
Th' animal spirits that from pure blood arise
Like gentle breaths from rivers pure, thence raise
At least distemper'd, discontented thoughts,
Vain hopes, vain aims, inordinate desires,
Blown up with high conceits ingend'ring pride.
Him thus intent Ithuriel with his spear
Touch'd lightly; for no falshood can endure
Touch of celestial temper, but returns
Of force to its own likeness: up he starts
Discover'd and surpris'd. As when a spark
Lights on a heap of nitrous powder, laid
Fit for the tun some magazine to store
Against a rumor'd war, the smutty grain

With ſudden blaze diffus'd inflames the air:
So ſtarted up in his own ſhape the Fiend.
Back ſtept thoſe two fair angels half amaz'd
So ſudden to behold the griſly King;
Yet thus, unmov'd with fear, accoſt him ſoon.
 Which of thoſe rebel ſpi'rits adjudg'd to Hell
Com'ſt thou, eſcap'd thy priſon? and transform'd,
Why ſatſt thou like an enemy in wait,
Here watching at the head of theſe that ſleep?
 Know ye not then, ſaid Satan fill'd with ſcorn,
Know ye not me? ye knew me once no mate
For you, there ſitting where ye durſt not ſoar:
Not to know me argues yourſelves unknown,
The loweſt of your throng; or if ye know,
Why aſk ye, and ſuperfluous begin
Your meſſage, like to end as much in vain?
 To whom thus Zephon, anſw'ring ſcorn with ſcorn.
Think not, revolted Spi'rit, thy ſhape the ſame,
Or undiminiſh'd brightneſs to be known,
As when thou ſtood'ſt in Heav'n upright and pure;
That glory then, when thou no more waſt good,
Departed from thee; and thou reſembleſt now
Thy ſin and place of doom obſcure and foul.
But come, for thou, be ſure, ſhalt give account
To him who ſent us, whoſe charge is to keep
This place inviolable, and theſe from harm.
 So ſpake the cherub; and his grave rebuke,
Severe in youthful beauty, added grace

Invincible: abaſh'd the devil ſtood,
And felt how awful Goodneſs is, and ſaw
Virtue in her ſhape how lovely; ſaw, and pin'd
His loſs; but chiefly to find here obſerv'd
His luſtre viſibly impair'd; yet ſeem'd
Undaunted. If I muſt contend, ſaid he,
Beſt with the beſt, the ſender not the ſent,
Or all at once; more glory will be won,
Or leſs be loſt. Thy fear, ſaid Zephon bold,
Will ſave us trial what the leaſt can do
Single againſt thee wicked, and thence weak.
The Fiend reply'd not, overcome with rage;
But like a proud ſteed rein'd, went haughty on,
Champing his iron curb: to ſtrive or fly
He held it vain; awe from above had quell'd
His heart, not elſe diſmay'd. Now drew they nigh
The weſtern point, where thoſe half-rounding guards
Juſt met, and cloſing ſtood in ſquadron join'd,
Awaiting next command. To whom their chief
Gabriël from the front thus call'd aloud.
O Friends, I hear the tread of nimble feet
Haſting this way, and now by glimpſe diſcern
Ithuriel and Zephon through the ſhade,
And with them comes a third of regal port,
But faded ſplendor wan; who by his gate
And fierce demeanour ſeems the Prince of Hell,
Not likely to part hence without conteſt;
Stand firm, for in his look Defiance lours.

He ſcarce had ended, when thoſe two approach'd,
And brief related whom they brought, where found,
How buſied, in what form and poſture couch'd.
To whom with ſtern regard thus Gabriel ſpake.
Why haſt thou, Satan, broke the bounds preſcrib'd
To thy tranſgreſſions, and diſturb'd the charge
Of others, who approve not to tranſgreſs
By thy example, but have power and right
To queſtion thy bold entrance on this place;
Employ'd it ſeems to violate ſleep, and thoſe
Whoſe dwelling God hath planted here in bliſs?
To whom thus Satan with contemptuous brow.
Gabriel, thou hadſt in Heav'n th' eſteem of wiſe,
And ſuch I held thee; but this queſtion aſk'd
Puts me in doubt. Lives there who loves his pain?
Who would not, finding way, break looſe from Hell,
Tho' thither doom'd? Thou wouldſt thyſelf, no doubt,
And boldly venture to whatever place
Fartheſt from pain, where thou might'ſt hope to change
Torment with eaſe, and ſooneſt recompenſe
Dole with delight, which in this place I ſought;
To thee no reaſon, who know'ſt only good,
But evil haſt not try'd: and wilt object
His will who bound us? let him ſurer bar
His iron gates, if he intends our ſtay
In that dark durance: thus much what was aſk'd.
The reſt is true, they found me where they ſay;
But that implies not violence or harm.

Thus he in ſcorn. The warlike angel mov'd,
Diſdainfully half ſmiling thus reply'd.
O loſs of one in Heav'n to judge of wiſe,
Since Satan fell, whom folly overthrew,
And now returns him from his priſon 'ſcap'd,
Gravely in doubt whether to hold them wiſe
Or not, who aſk what boldneſs brought him hither
Unlicenc'd from his bounds in Hell preſcrib'd;
So wiſe he judges it to fly from pain
However, and to 'ſcape his puniſhment.
So judge thou ſtill, preſumptuous, till the wrath,
Which thou incurr'ſt by flying, meet thy flight
Sev'nfold, and ſcourge that wiſdom back to Hell,
Which taught thee yet no better, that no pain
Can equal anger infinite provok'd.
But wherefore thou alone? wherefore with thee
Came not all Hell broke looſe? is pain to them
Leſs pain, leſs to be fled? or thou than they
Leſs hardy to endure? courageous Chief,
The firſt in flight from pain, hadſt thou alledg'd
To thy deſerted hoſt this cauſe of flight,
Thou ſurely hadſt not come ſole fugitive.

To which the Fiend thus anſwer'd frowning ſtern.
Not that I leſs endure, or ſhrink from pain,
Inſulting angel; well thou know'ſt I ſtood
Thy fierceſt, when in battel to thy aid
The blaſting volied thunder made all ſpeed,
And ſeconded thy elſe not dreaded ſpear.

But ſtill thy words at random, as before,
Argue thy inexperience what behoves
From hard aſſays and ill ſucceſſes paſt
A faithful leader, not to hazard all
Through ways of danger by himſelf untry'd:
I therefore, I alone firſt undertook
To wing the deſolate abyſs, and ſpy
This new created world, whereof in Hell
Fame is not ſilent, here in hope to find
Better abode, and my afflicted powers
To ſettle here on earth, or in mid air;
Though for poſſeſſion put to try once more
What thou and thy gay legions dare againſt;
Whoſe eaſier buſineſs were to ſerve their Lord
High up in heav'n, with ſongs to hymn his throne,
And practis'd diſtances to cringe, not fight.
  To whom the warrior angel ſoon reply'd.
To ſay and ſtrait unſay, pretending firſt
Wiſe to fly pain, profeſſing next the ſpy,
Argues no leader but a liar trac'd,
Satan, and couldſt thou faithful add? O name,
O ſacred name of faithfulneſs profan'd!
Faithful to whom? to thy rebellious crew?
Army of fiends, fit body to fit head.
Was this your diſcipline and faith engag'd,
Your military obedience, to diſſolve
Allegiance to th' acknowledg'd Power ſupreme?
And thou, ſly hypocrite, who now wouldſt ſeem

Patron of liberty, who more than thou
Once fawn'd, and cring'd, and servilely ador'd
Heav'n's awful Monarch? wherefore but in hope
To dispossess him, and thyself to reign?
But mark what I areed thee now, Avant;
Fly thither whence thou fledst: if from this hour
Within these hallow'd limits thou appear,
Back to th' infernal pit I drag thee chain'd,
And seal thee so, as henceforth not to scorn
The facil gates of Hell too slightly barr'd.

So threaten'd he; but Satan to no threats
Gave heed, but waxing more in rage reply'd.

Then when I am thy captive talk of chains,
Proud limitary cherub, but ere then
Far heavier load thyself expect to feel
From my prevailing arm, though Heaven's King
Ride on thy wings, and thou with thy compeers,
Us'd to the yoke, draw'st his triumphant wheels
In progress through the road of Heav'n star-pav'd.

While thus he spake, th' angelic squadron bright
Turn'd fiery red, sharp'ning in mooned horns
Their phalanx, and began to hem him round
With ported spears, as thick as when a field
Of Ceres ripe for harvest waving bends
Her bearded grove of ears, which way the wind
Sways them; the careful plowman doubting stands,
Lest on the threshing floor his hopeful sheaves
Prove chaff. On t' other side Satan alarm'd

Collecting all his might, dilated ſtood,
Like Teneriff or Atlas unremov'd:
His ſtature reach'd the ſky, and on his creſt
Sat Horror plum'd; nor wanted in his graſp
What ſeem'd both ſpear and ſhield: now dreadful
Might have enſu'd, nor only Paradiſe [deeds
In this commotion, but the ſtarry cope
Of Heav'n perhaps, or all the elements
At leaſt had gone to wrack, diſturb'd and torn
With violence of this conflict, had not ſoon
Th' Eternal, to prevent ſuch horrid fray
Hung forth in Heav'n his golden ſcales, yet ſeen
Betwixt Aſtrea and the Scorpion ſign,
Wherein all things created firſt he weigh'd,
The pendulous round Earth with balanc'd air
In counterpoiſe, now ponders all events,
Battels and realms: in theſe he put two weights
The ſequel each of parting and of fight;
The latter quick up flew, and kick'd the beam;
Which Gabriel ſpying, thus beſpake the Fiend.
  Satan, I know thy ſtrength, and thou know'ſt mine,
Neither our own but giv'n; what folly then
To boaſt what arms can do? ſince thine no more
Than Heav'n permits, nor mine, though doubled now
To trample thee as mire: for proof look up,
And read thy lot in yon celeſtial ſign,
Where thou art weigh'd, and ſhown how light, how
weak,

If thou resist. The Fiend look'd up, and knew
His mounted scale aloft; nor more; but fled 1014
Murm'ring, and with him fled the shades of Night.

The End of the Fourth Book.

PARADISE LOST.

BOOK V.

The Argument.

Morning approach'd, Eve relates to Adam her troublefome dream; he likes it not, yet comforts her: they come forth to their day labors: their morning hymn at the door of their bower. God to render Man inexcufable fends Raphael to admonifh him of his obedience, of his free eftate, of his enemy near at hand, who he is, and why his enemy, and whatever elfe may avail Adam to know. Raphael comes down to Paradife, his appearance defcrib'd, his coming difcern'd by Adam afar off fitting at the door of his bower; he goes out to meet him, brings him to his lodge, entertains him with the choiceft fruits of Paradife got together by Eve; their difcourfe at table: Raphael performs his meffage, minds Adam of his ftate and of his enemy; relates at Adam's requeft who that enemy is, and how he came to be fo, beginning from his firft revolt in Heaven, and the occafion thereof; how he drew his legions after him to the parts of the North, and there incited them to rebel with him, perfuading all but only Abdiel a feraph, who in argument diffuades and oppofes him, then forfakes him.

Now Morn her rofy fteps in th' eaftern clime
Advancing, fow'd the Earth with orient pearl,
When Adam wak'd, fo cuftom'd, for his fleep
Was aery light from pure digeftion bred,
And temp'rate vapors bland, which th' only found
Of leaves and fuming rills, Aurora's fan,
Lightly difpers'd, and the fhrill matin fong
Of birds on every bough; fo much the more
His wonder was to find unwaken'd Eve
With treffes difcompos'd, and glowing cheek,
As through unquiet reft: he on his fide
Leaning half rais'd, with looks of cordial love

Hung over her enamour'd, and beheld
Beauty, which whether waking or aſleep,
Shot forth peculiar graces; then with voice
Mild, as when Zephyrus on Flora breathes,
Her hand ſoft touching, whiſper'd thus. Awake
My faireſt, my eſpous'd, my lateſt found,
Heav'n's laſt beſt gift, my ever new delight,
Awake; the morning ſhines, and the freſh field
Calls us; we loſe the prime, to mark how ſpring
Our tended plants, how blows the citron grove,
What drops the myrrh, and what the balmy reed,
How Nature paints her colors, how the bee
Sits on the bloom extracting liquid ſweet.
  Such whiſp'ring wak'd her, but with ſtartled eye
On Adam, whom embracing, thus ſhe ſpake.
  O Sole in whom my thoughts find all repoſe,
My glory, my perfection, glad I ſee
Thy face, and morn return'd; for I this night
(Such night till this I never paſs'd) have dream'd,
If dream'd, not as I oft am wont, of thee,
Works of day paſt, or morrow's next deſign,
But of offenſe and trouble, which my mind
Knew never till this irkſome night: Methought
Cloſe at mine ear one call'd me forth to walk
With gentle voice, I thought it thine; it ſaid,
Why ſleep'ſt thou Eve? now is the pleaſant time,
The cool, the ſilent, ſave where ſilence yields
To the night-warbling bird, that now awake

Tunes ſweeteſt his love-labor'd ſong; now reigns
Full orb'd the moon, and with more pleaſing light
Shadowy ſets off the face of things, in vain,
If none regard; Heav'n wakes with all his eyes,
Whom to behold but thee, Nature's deſire?
In whoſe ſight all things joy, with raviſhment
Attracted by thy beauty ſtill to gaze.
I roſe as at thy call, but found thee not;
To find thee I directed then my walk;
And on, methought, alone I paſs'd through ways
That brought me on a ſudden to the tree
Of interdicted Knowledge: fair it ſeem'd,
Much fairer to my fancy than by day:
And as I wondring look'd, beſide it ſtood
One ſhap'd and wing'd like one of thoſe from Heav'n
By us oft ſeen; his dewy locks diſtill'd
Ambroſia; on that tree he alſo gaz'd;
And O fair plant, ſaid he, with fruit ſurcharg'd,
Deigns none to eaſe thy load and taſte thy ſweet,
Nor God, nor Man? is knowledge ſo deſpis'd?
Or envy', or what reſerve forbids to taſte?
Forbid who will, none ſhall from me withhold
Longer thy offer'd good, why elſe ſet here?
This ſaid, he paus'd not, but with ventrous arm
He pluck'd, he taſted; me damp horror chill'd
At ſuch bold words vouch'd with a deed ſo bold:
But he thus overjoy'd, O fruit divine,
Sweet of thyſelf, but much more ſweet thus cropt,

Forbidden here, it feems, as only fit
For gods, yet able to make gods of men:
And why not gods of men, fince good, the more
Communicated, more abundant grows,
The Author not impair'd, but honor'd more?
Here, happy creature, fair angelic Eve,
Partake thou alfo; happy though thou art,
Happier thou may'ft be, worthier canft not be:
Tafte this, and be henceforth among the gods
Thyfelf a goddefs, not to earth confin'd,
But fometimes in the air, as we, fometimes
Afcend to Heav'n, by merit thine, and fee
What life the gods live there, and fuch live thou.
So faying, he drew nigh, and to me held,
Ev'n to my mouth of that fame fruit held part
Which he had pluck'd; the pleafant favory fmell
So quicken'd appetite, that I, methought,
Could not but tafte. Forthwith up to the clouds
With him I flew, and underneath beheld
The earth outftretch'd immenfe, a profpect wide
And various: wondring at my flight and change
To this high exaltation; fuddenly
My guide was gone, and I, methought, funk down,
And fell afleep; but O how glad I wak'd
To find this but a dream! Thus Eve her night
Related, and thus Adam anfwer'd fad.
  Beft image of myfelf and dearer half,
The trouble of thy thoughts this night in fleep

Affects me equally; nor can I like
This uncouth dream, of evil ſprung I fear;
Yet evil whence? in thee can harbour none,
Created pure. But know that in the ſoul
Are many leſſer faculties, that ſerve
Reaſon as chief; among theſe Fancy next
Her office holds; of all external things,
Which the five watchful ſenſes repreſent,
She forms imaginations, aery ſhapes,
Which Reaſon joining or disjoining, frames
All what we' affirm or what deny, and call
Our knowledge or opinion; then retires
Into her private cell when Nature reſts.
Oft in her abſence mimic Fancy wakes
To imitate her; but misjoining ſhapes,
Wild works produces oft, and moſt in dreams,
Ill matching words and deeds long paſt or late.
Some ſuch reſemblances methinks I find
Of our laſt evening's talk, in this thy dream,
But with addition ſtrange; yet be not ſad.
Evil into the mind of God or man
May come and go, ſo unapprov'd, and leave
No ſpot or blame behind: which gives me hope
That what in ſleep thou didſt abhor to dream,
Waking thou never wilt conſent to do.
Be not diſhearten'd then, nor cloud thoſe looks,
That wont to be more cheerful and ſerene
Than when fair Morning firſt ſmiles on the world;

And let us to our fresh employments rise
Among the groves, the fountains, and the flowers
That open now their choicest bosom'd smells,
Reserv'd from night, and kept for thee in store.
So cheer'd he his fair spouse, and she was cheer'd,
But silently a gentle tear let fall
From either eye, and wip'd them with her hair;
Two other precious drops that ready stood,
Each in their crystal sluce, he ere they fell
Kiss'd, as the gracious signs of sweet remorse
And pious awe, that fear'd to have offended.
So all was clear'd, and to the field they haste.
But first, from under shady ar bo'rous roof
Soon as they forth were come to open sight
Of day-spring, and the sun, who scarce up risen,
With wheels yet hovering o'er the ocean brim,
Shot parallel to the earth his dewy ray,
Discovering in wide landskip all the east
Of Paradise and Eden's happy plains,
Lowly they bow'd adoring, and began
Their orisons, each morning duly paid
In various stile; for neither various stile
Nor holy rapture wanted they to praise
Their Maker, in fit strains pronounc'd or sung
Unmeditated, such prompt eloquence
Flow'd from their lips, in prose or numerous verse,
More tuneable than needed lute or harp
To add more sweetness; and they thus began.

These are thy glorious works, Parent of good,
Almighty, thine this univerſal frame,
Thus wondrous fair; thyſelf how wondrous then!
Unſpeakable, who ſitſt above theſe heav'ns
To us inviſible, or dimly ſeen
In theſe thy loweſt works; yet theſe declare
Thy goodneſs beyond thought, and power divine.
Speak ye who beſt can tell, ye ſons of Light,
Angels; for ye behold him, and with ſongs
And choral ſymphonies, day without night,
Circle his throne rejoicing; ye in Heav'n,
On Earth join all ye creatures to extol
Him firſt, him laſt, him midſt, and without end.
Faireſt of Stars, laſt in the train of Night,
If better thou belong not to the dawn,
Sure pledge of day, that crown'ſt the ſmiling Morn
With thy bright circlet, praiſe him in thy ſphere,
While day ariſes, that ſweet hour of prime.
Thou Sun, of this great world both eye and ſoul,
Acknowledge him thy greater, ſound his praiſe
In thy eternal courſe, both when thou climb'ſt,
And when high noon haſt gain'd, and when thou fall'ſt.
Moon, that now meet'ſt the orient ſun, now fly'ſt
With the fix'd ſtars fix'd in their orb that flies,
And ye five other wand'ring Fires that move
In myſtic dance not without ſong, reſound
His praiſe, who out of darkneſs call'd up light.
Air, and ye Elements, the eldeſt birth

Of Nature's womb, that in quaternion run
Perpetual circle, multiform, and mix
And nourish all things; let your ceaseless change
Vary to our great Maker still new praise.
Ye Mists and Exhalations that now rise
From hill or steaming lake, dusky or gray,
Till the sun paint your fleecy skirts with gold,
In honor to the world's great Author rise,
Whether to deck with clouds th' uncolor'd sky,
Or wet the thirsty earth with falling showers,
Rising or falling still advance his praise.
His praise ye Winds, that from four quarters blow,
Breathe soft or loud; and wave your tops, ye Pines,
With every plant, in sign of worship wave.
Fountains, and ye that warble as ye flow
Melodious murmurs, warbling tune his praise.
Join voices all ye living Souls: ye Birds,
That singing up to Heaven gate ascend,
Bear on your wings and in your notes his praise.
Ye that in waters glide, and ye that walk
The earth, and stately tread, or lowly creep;
Witness if I be silent, morn or even,
To hill or valley, fountain, or fresh shade
Made vocal by my song, and taught his praise.
Hail universal Lord, be bounteous still
To give us only good; and if the night
Have gather'd ought of evil or conceal'd,
Disperse it, as now light dispels the dark.

So pray'd they innocent, and to their thoughts
Firm peace recover'd ſoon and wonted calm.
On to their morning's rural work they haſte
Among ſweet dews and flow'rs; where any row
Of fruit-trees over-woody reach'd too far
Their pamper'd boughs, and needed hands to check
Fruitleſs embraces: or they led the vine
To wed her elm; ſhe ſpous'd about him twines
Her marriageable arms, and with her brings
Her dow'r th' adopted cluſters, to adorn
His barren leaves. Them thus employ'd beheld
With pity Heav'n's high King, and to him call'd
Raphael, the ſociable ſpi'rit, that deign'd
To travel with Tobias, and ſecur'd
His marriage with the ſev'ntimes-wedded maid.
Raphael, ſaid he, thou hear'ſt what ſtir on Earth
Satan from Hell 'ſcap'd through the darkſome gulf
Hath rais'd in Paradiſe, and how diſturb'd
This night the human pair, how he deſigns
In them at once to ruin all Mankind.
Go therefore, half this day as friend with friend
Converſe with Adam, in what bow'r or ſhade
Thou find'ſt him from the heat of noon retir'd,
To reſpit his day-labor with repaſt,
Or with repoſe; and ſuch diſcourſe bring on,
As may adviſe him of his happy ſtate,
Happineſs in his power left free to will,

Left to his own free will, his will though free,
Yet mutable; whence warn him to beware
He swerve not too secure: tell him withal
His danger, and from whom; what enemy,
Late fall'n himself from Heav'n, is plotting now
The fall of others from like state of bliss;
By violence? no, for that shall be withstood;
But by deceit and lies; this let him know,
Lest wilfully transgressing he pretend
Surprisal, unadmonish'd, unforewarn'd.
  So spake th' eternal Father, and fulfill'd
All justice: nor delay'd the winged saint
After his charge receiv'd; but from among
Thousand celestial Ardors, where he stood
Veil'd with his gorgeous wings, up springing light
Flew through the midst of Heav'n; th' angelic quires,
On each hand parting, to his speed gave way
Through all th' empyreal road; till at the gate
Of Heav'n arriv'd, the gate self-open'd wide
On golden hinges turning, as by work
Divine the Sovran Architect had fram'd.
From hence no cloud, or, to obstruct his sight,
Star interpos'd, however small he sees,
Not unconform to other shining globes,
Earth and the gard'n of God, with cedars crown'd
Above all hills. As when by night the glass
Of Galileo, less assur'd, observes
Imagin'd lands and regions in the moon:

Or pilot, from amidſt the Cyclades
Delos or Samos firſt appearing, kens
A cloudy ſpot. Down thither prone in flight
He ſpeeds, and through the vaſt ethereal ſky
Sails between worlds and worlds, with ſteddy wing
Now on the polar winds, then with quick fan
Winnows the buxom Air; till within ſoar
Of tow'ring eagles, to' all the fowls he ſeems
A phœnix, gaz'd by all, as that ſole bird,
When to inſhrine his reliques in the Sun's
Bright temple, to Egyptian Thebes he flies.
At once on th' eaſtern cliff of Paradiſe
He lights, and to his proper ſhape returns
A ſeraph wing'd; ſix wings he wore, to ſhade
His lineaments divine; the pair that clad
Each ſhoulder broad came mantling o'er his breaſt
With regal ornament; the middle pair
Girt like a ſtarry zone his waſte, and round
Skirted his loins and thighs with downy gold
And colors dipt in Heav'n; the third his feet
Shadow'd from either heel with feather'd mail,
Sky-tinctur'd grain. Like Maia's ſon he ſtood,
And ſhook his plumes, that heav'nly fragrance fill'd
The circuit wide. Strait knew him all the bands
Of angels under watch; and to his ſtate,
And to his meſſage high in honor riſe;
For on ſome meſſage high they gueſs'd him bound.
Their glittering tents he paſs'd, and now is come

Into the bliſsful field, through groves of myrrh,
And flow'ring odors, caſſia, nard, and balm;
A wilderneſs of ſweets; for Nature here
Wanton'd as in her prime, and play'd at will
Her virgin fancies, pouring forth more ſweet,
Wild above rule or art; enormous bliſs.
Him through the ſpicy foreſt onward come
Adam diſcern'd, as in the door he ſat
Of his cool bower, while now the mounted ſun
Shot down direct his fervid rays to warm
Earth's inmoſt womb, more warmth than Adam [needs:
And Eve within, due at her hour prepar'd
For dinner ſavory fruits, of taſte to pleaſe
True appetite, and not diſreliſh thirſt
Of necta'rous draughts between, from milky ſtream,
Berry or grape: to whom thus Adam call'd.
Haſte hither Eve, and worth thy ſight behold
Eaſtward among thoſe trees, what glorious ſhape
Comes this way moving; ſeems another morn
Ris'n on mid-noon; ſome great beheſt from Heav'n
To us perhaps he brings, and will vouchſafe
This day to be our gueſt. But go with ſpeed,
And what thy ſtores contain, bring forth, and pour
Abundance, fit to honor and receive
Our heav'nly ſtranger: well we may afford
Our givers their own gifts, and large beſtow
From large beſtow'd, where Nature multiplies
Her fertil growth, and by diſburd'ning grows

More fruitful, which inſtructs us not to ſpare.
To whom thus Eve. Adam, Earth's hallow'd mold,
Of God inſpir'd, ſmall ſtore will ſerve, where ſtore,
All ſeaſons, ripe for uſe hangs on the ſtalk;
Save what by frugal ſtoring firmneſs gains
To nouriſh, and ſuperfluous moiſt conſumes:
But I will haſte, and from each bough and brake,
Each plant and jucieſt gourd, will pluck ſuch choice
To entertain our angel gueſt, as he
Beholding ſhall confeſs, that here on earth
God hath diſpens'd his bounties as in heav'n.
So ſaying, with diſpatchful looks in haſte
She turns, on hoſpitable thoughts intent
What choice to chuſe for delicacy beſt,
What order, ſo contriv'd as not to mix
Taſtes, not well join'd, inelegant, but bring
Taſte after taſte upheld with kindlieſt change;
Beſtirs her then, and from each tender ſtalk
Whatever Earth all-bearing mother yields
In India Eaſt or Weſt, or middle ſhore
In Pontus or the Punic coaſt, or where
Alcinous reign'd, fruit of all kinds, in coat
Rough or ſmooth rin'd, or bearded huſk, or ſhell,
She gathers, tribute large, and on the board
Heaps with unſparing hand; for drink the grape
She cruſhes, inoffenſive muſt, and meaths
From many a berry', and from ſweet kernels preſs'd
She tempers dulcet creams, nor thoſe to hold

Wants her fit veſſels pure, then ſtrows the ground
With roſe and odors from the ſhrub unfum'd.
Mean while our primitive great Sire, to meet
His godlike gueſt, walks forth, without more train
Accompanied than with his own complete
Perfections; in himſelf was all his ſtate,
More ſolemn than the tedious pomp that waits
On princes, when their rich retinue long
Of horſes led, and grooms beſmear'd with gold,
Dazzles the croud, and ſets them all a-gape.
Nearer his preſence Adam though not aw'd,
Yet with ſubmiſs approach and reverence meek,
As to' a ſuperior nature, bowing low,
Thus ſaid. Native of Heav'n, for other place
None can than Heav'n ſuch glorious ſhape contain;
Since by deſcending from the thrones above,
Thoſe happy places, thou haſt deign'd a while
To want, and honor theſe, vouchſafe with us
Two' only, who yet by ſovran gift poſſeſs
This ſpacious ground, in yonder ſhady bower
To reſt, and what the garden choiceſt bears
To ſit and taſte, till this meridian heat
Be over, and the ſun more cool decline.
Whom thus th' angelic Virtue anſwer'd mild.
Adam, I therefore came, nor art thou ſuch
Created, or ſuch place haſt here to dwell,
As may not oft invite, though ſpi'rits of Heav'n
To viſit thee; lead on then where thy bower

O'erſhades; for theſe mid-hours, till evening riſe,
I have at will. So to the ſylvan lodge
They came, that like Pomona's arbor ſmil'd
With flow'rets deck'd and fragrant ſmells; but Eve
Undeck'd ſave with herſelf, more lovely fair
Than wood-nymph, or the faireſt goddeſs feign'd
Of three that in Mount Ida naked ſtrove,
Stood to' entertain her gueſt from Heav'n; no veil
She needed, virtue-proof; no thought infirm
Alter'd her cheek. On whom the angel Hail
Beſtow'd, the holy ſalutation us'd
Long after to bleſt Mary, ſecond Eve.
Hail Mother of Mankind, whoſe fruitful womb
Shall fill the world more numerous with thy ſons,
Than with theſe various fruits the trees of God
Have heap'd this table. Rais'd of graſſy turf
Their table was, and moſſy ſeats had round,
And on her ample ſquare from ſide to ſide
All Autumn pil'd, though Spring and Autumn here
Danc'd hand in hand. A while diſcourſe they hold;
No fear leſt dinner cool; when thus began
Our Author. Heav'nly ſtranger, pleaſe to taſte
Theſe bounties, which our Nouriſher, from whom
All perfect good, unmeaſur'd out, deſcends,
To us for food, and for delight hath caus'd
The earth to yield; unſavory food perhaps
To ſpiritual natures; only this I know,
That one celeſtial Father gives to all.

To whom the angel. Therefore what he gives
(Whose praise be ever sung) to man in part
Spiritual, may of purest spi'rits be found
No' ingrateful food: and food alike those pure
Intelligential substances require,
As doth your rational; and both contain
Within them every lower faculty
Of sense, whereby they hear, see, smell, touch, taste,
Tasting concoct, digest, assimilate,
And corporeal to incorporeal turn.
For know, whatever was created, needs
To be sustain'd and fed; of elements
The grosser feeds the purer, earth the sea,
Earth and the sea feed air, the air those fires
Ethereal, and as lowest first the moon;
Whence in her visage, round those spots, unpurg'd
Vapors not yet into her substance turn'd.
Nor doth the moon no nourishment exhale
From her moist continent to higher orbs.
The sun, that light imparts to all, receives
From all his alimental recompense
In humid exhalations, and at even
Sups with the ocean. Though in Heav'n the trees
Of life ambrosial fruitage bear, and vines
Yield nectar; though from off the boughs each morn
We brush mellifluous dews, and find the ground
Cover'd with pearly grain; yet God hath here
Varied his bounty so with new delights,

As may compare with heaven; and to taſte
Think not I ſhall be nice. So down they ſat,
And to their viands fell; nor ſeemingly
The angel, nor in miſt, the common gloſs
Of Theologians; but with keen diſpatch
Of real hunger, and concoctive heat
To tranſubſtantiate: what redounds, tranſpires
Through ſpi'rits with eaſe; nor wonder; if by fire
Of ſooty coal th' empiric alchemiſt
Can turn, or holds it poſſible to turn,
Metals of droſſieſt ore to perfect gold
As from the mine. Mean while at table Eve
Miniſter'd naked, and their flowing cups
With pleaſent liquors crown'd: O innocence
Deſerving Paradiſe! if ever, then,
Then had the ſons of God excuſe to' have been
Enamour'd at that ſight; but in thoſe hearts
Love unlibidinous reign'd, nor jealouſy
Was underſtood, the injur'd lover's hell.
  Thus when with meats and drinks they had ſuffic'd,
Not burden'd nature, ſudden mind aroſe
In Adam, not to let th' occaſion paſs
Giv'n him by this great conference to know
Of things above his world, and of their being
Who dwell in Heav'n, whoſe excellence he ſaw
Tranſcend his own ſo far, whoſe radiant forms,
Divine effulgence, whoſe high power ſo far
Exceeded human, and his wary ſpeech

Thus to th' empyreal miniſter he fram'd.
  Inhabitant with God, now know I well
Thy favor, in this honor done to man,
Under whoſe lowly roof thou haſt vouchſaf'd
To enter, and theſe earthly fruits to taſte,
Food not of angels, yet accepted ſo,
As that more willingly thou couldſt not ſeem
At Heav'n's high feaſts to' have fed: yet what compare?
  To whom the winged hierarch reply'd.
O Adam, one Almighty is, from whom
All things proceed, and up to him return,
If not deprav'd from good, created all
Such to perfection, one firſt matter all,
Indued with various forms, various degrees
Of ſubſtance, and in things that live, of life;
But more refin'd, more ſpiritous, and pure,
As nearer to him plac'd or nearer tending
Each in their ſeveral active ſpheres aſſign'd,
Till body up to ſpirit work, in bounds
Proportion'd to each kind. So from the root
Springs lighter the green ſtalk, from thence the leaves
More aery, laſt the bright conſummate flower
Spirits odorous breathes: flowers and their fruit,
Man's nouriſhment, by gradual ſcale ſublim'd,
To vital ſpi'rits aſpire, to animal,
To intellectual; give both life and ſenſe,
Fancy and underſtanding; whence the ſoul
Reaſon receives, and reaſon is her being,

Difcurfive, or intuitive; difcourfe
Is ofteft yours, the latter moft is ours,
Differing but in degree, of kind the fame.
Wonder not then, what God for you faw good
If I refufe not, but convert, as you,
To proper fubftance: time may come, when men
With angels may participate, and find
No inconvenient di'et, nor too light fare;
And from thefe corporal nutriments perhaps
Your bodies may at laft turn all to fpirit,
Improv'd by tract of time, and wing'd afcend
Ethereal, as we, or may at choice
Here or in heav'nly paradifes dwell;
If ye be found obedient, and retain
Unalterably firm his love entire,
Whofe progeny you are. Mean while enjoy
Your fill what happinefs this happy ftate
Can comprehend, incapable of more.
 To whom the Patriarch of Mankind reply'd.
O favourable Spi'rit, propitious Gueft,
Well haft thou taught the way that might direct
Our knowledge, and the fcale of Nature fet
From center to circumference, whereon
In contemplation of created things
By fteps we may afcend to God. But fay,
What meant that caution join'd, If ye be found
Obedient? Can we want obedience then
To him, or poffibly his love defert,

Who form'd us from the duſt, and plac'd us here
Full to the utmoſt meaſure of what bliſs
Human deſires can ſeek or apprehend?

To whom the angel. Son of Heav'n and Earth,
Attend; That thou art happy, owe to God;
That thou continueſt ſuch, owe to thyſelf,
That is, to thy obedience; therein ſtand.
This was that caution giv'n thee; be adviſ'd.
God made thee perfect, not immutable;
And good he made thee, but to perſevere
He left it in thy power; ordain'd thy will
By nature free, not over-rul'd by fate
Inextricable, or ſtrict neceſſity:
Our voluntary ſervice he requires,
Not our neceſſitated; ſuch with him
Finds no acceptance, nor can find; for how
Can hearts, not free, be try'd whether they ſerve
Willing or no, who will but what they muſt
By deſtiny, and can no other chuſe?
Myſelf and all th' angelic hoſt, that ſtand
In ſight of God enthron'd, our happy ſtate
Hold, as you yours, while our obedience holds;
On other ſurety none; freely we ſerve,
Becauſe we freely love, as in our will
To love or not; in this we ſtand or fall:
And ſome are fall'n, to diſobedience fall'n,
And ſo from Heav'n to deepeſt Hell; O fall
From what high ſtate of bliſs into what woe!

To whom our great Progenitor. Thy words
Attentive, and with more delighted ear,
Divine Inftructor, I have heard, than when
Cherubic fongs by night from neighb'ring hills
Aereal mufic fend: nor knew I not
To be both will and deed created free;
Yet that we never fhall forget to love
Our Maker, and obey him whofe command
Single is yet fo juft, my conftant thoughts
Affur'd me', and ftill affure: though what thou tell'ft
Hath pafs'd in Heav'n, fome doubt within me move,
But more defire to hear, if thou confent,
The full relation, which muft needs be ftrange,
Worthy of facred Silence to be heard;
And we have yet large day, for fcarce the Sun
Hath finifh'd half his journey', and fcarce begins
His other half in the great zone of Heav'n.
Thus Adam made requeft; and Raphaël
After fhort paufe affenting, thus began.
High matter thou injoin'ft me', O Prime of Men,
Sad tafk and hard; for how fhall I relate
To human fenfe th' invifible exploits
Of warring fpirits? how without remorfe
The ruin of fo many glorious once
And perfect while they ftood? how laft unfold
The fecrets of another world, perhaps
Not lawful to reveal? yet for thy good
This is difpens'd; and what furmounts the reach

Of human ſenſe, I ſhall delineate ſo,
By likening ſpiritual to corporal forms,
As may expreſs them beſt; though what if Earth
Be but the ſhadow' of Heav'n, and things therein
Each to' other like, more than on earth is thought?
  As yet this world was not, and Chaos wild
Reign'd where theſe Heav'ns now roll, where Earth now reſts
Upon her center pois'd; when on a day
(For time, though in eternity, apply'd
To motion, meaſures all things durable
By preſent, paſt, and future) on ſuch day
As Heav'n's great year brings forth, th' empyreal hoſt
Of angels by imperial ſummons call'd,
Innumerable before th' Almighty's throne
Forthwith from all the ends of Heav'n appear'd
Under their hierarchs in orders bright:
Ten thouſand thouſand enſigns high advanc'd,
Standards and gonfalons 'twixt van and rear
Stream in the air, and for diſtinction ſerve
Of hierarchies, of orders, and degrees;
Or in their glittering tiſſues bear imblaz'd
Holy memorials, acts of zeal and love
Recorded eminent. Thus when in orbs
Of circuit inexpreſſible they ſtood,
Orb within orb, the Father infinite,
By whom in bliſs imboſom'd ſat the Son,
Amidſt as from a flaming mount, whoſe top
Brightneſs had made inviſible, thus ſpake.

Hear all ye Angels, progeny of Light,
Thrones, Dominations, Princedoms, Virtues, Powers,
Hear my decree, which unrevok'd ſhall ſtand.
This day I have begot whom I declare
My only Son, and on this holy hill
Him have anointed, whom ye now behold
At my right hand; your head I him appoint;
And by myſelf have ſworn to him ſhall bow
All knees in Heav'n, and ſhall confeſs him Lord:
Under his great vice-gerent reign abide
United as one individual ſoul
For ever happy: him who diſobeys,
Me diſobeys, breaks union, and that day
Caſt out from God and bleſſed viſion, falls
Into' utter darkneſs, deep ingulf'd, his place
Ordain'd without redemption, without end.
So ſpake th' Omnipotent, and with his words
All ſeem'd well pleas'd; all ſeem'd, but were not all.
That day, as other ſolemn days, they ſpent
In ſong and dance about the Sacred Hill;
Myſtical dance, which yonder ſtarry ſphere
Of planets and of fix'd in all her wheels
Reſembles neareſt, mazes intricate,
Eccentric, intervolv'd, yet regular
Then moſt, when moſt irregular they ſeem;
And in their motions Harmony divine
So ſmooths her charming tones, that God's own ear
Liſtens delighted. Evening now approach'd

(For we have alſo' our evening and our morn,
We ours for change delectable, not need)
Forthwith from dance to ſweet repaſt they turn
Deſirous; all in circles as they ſtood,
Tables are ſet, and on a ſudden pil'd
With angels' food, and rubied nectar flows
In pearl, in diamond, and maſſy gold,
Fruit of delicious vines, the growth of Heav'n.
On flow'rs repos'd, and with freſh flow'rets crown'd,
They eat, they drink, and in communion ſweet
Quaff immortality and joy, ſecure
Of ſurfeit where full meaſure only bounds
Exceſs, before th' all-bounteous King, who ſhower'd
With copious hand, rejoicing in their joy.
Now when ambroſial Night with clouds exhal'd
From that high mount of God, whence light and ſhade
Spring both, the face of brighteſt heav'n had chang'd
To grateful twilight (for night comes not there
In darker veil) and roſeat dews diſpos'd
All but th' unſleeping eyes of God to reſt,
Wide over all the plain, and wider far
Than all this globous earth in plain outſpread,
(Such are the courts of God) th' angelic throng,
Diſpers'd in bands and files, their camp extend
By living ſtreams among the trees of life,
Pavilions numberleſs, and ſudden rear'd,
Celeſtial tabernacles, where they ſlept
Fann'd with cool winds; ſave thoſe who in their courſe

Melodious hymns about the ſovran throne
Alternate all night long: but not ſo wak'd
Satan; ſo call him now, his former name
Is heard no more in Heav'n; he of the firſt,
If not the firſt arch-angel, great in power,
In favor and præeminence, yet fraught
With envy' againſt the Son of God, that day
Honor'd by his great Father, and proclam'd
Meſſiah King anointed, could not bear
Through pride that ſight, and thought himſelf im-
Deep malice thence conceiving and diſdain, [pair'd.
Soon as midnight brought on the duſky hour
Friendlieſt to ſleep and ſilence, he reſolv'd
With all his legions to diſlodge, and leave
Unworſhipt, unobey'd the throne ſupreme
Contemptuous, and his next ſubordinate
Awak'ning, thus to him in ſecret ſpake.
Sleep'ſt thou, Companion dear; what ſleep can cloſe
Thy eye-lids? and remember'ſt what decree
Of yeſterday, ſo late hath paſs'd the lips
Of Heav'n's Almighty. Thou to me thy thoughts
Waſt wont, I mine to thee was wont to' impart;
Both waking we were one; how then can now
Thy ſleep diſſent? New laws thou ſeeſt impos'd;
New laws from him who reigns, new minds may raiſe
In us who ſerve, new counſels, to debate
What doubtful may enſue: more in this place
To utter is not ſafe. Aſſemble thou

Of all thoſe myriads which we lead the chief;
Tell them that by command, ere yet dim Night
Her ſhadowy cloud withdraws, I am to haſte,
And all who under me their banners wave,
Homeward with flying march where we poſſeſs
The quarters of the North; there to prepare
Fit entertainment to receive our King
The great Meſſiah, and his new commands,
Who ſpeedily through all the hierarchies
Intends to paſs triumphant, and give laws.
So ſpake the falſe arch-angel, and infus'd
Bad influence into th' unwary breaſt
Of his aſſociate: he together calls,
Or ſeveral one by one, the regent powers,
Under him regent; tells, as he was taught,
That the Moſt High commanding, now ere Night,
Now ere dim Night had diſincumber'd Heav'n,
The great hierarchal ſtandard was to move;
Tells the ſuggeſted cauſe, and caſts between
Ambiguous words and jealouſies, to ſound
Or taint integrity: but all obey'd
The wonted ſignal, and ſuperior voice
Of their great Potentate; for great indeed
His name, and high was his degree in Heav'n;
His count'nance, as the morning ſtar that guides
The ſtarry flock, allur'd them, and with lies
Drew after him the third part of Heav'n's hoſt.
Mean while th' Eternal Eye, whoſe ſight diſcerns

Abstrusest thoughts, from forth his holy mount
And from within the golden lamps that burn
Nightly before him, saw without their light
Rebellion rising, saw in whom, how spread
Among the sons of Morn, what multitudes
Were banded to oppose his high decree;
And smiling to his only Son thus said.
  Son, thou in whom my glory I behold
In full resplendence, heir of all my might,
Nearly it now concerns us to be sure
Of our omnipotence, and with what arms
We mean to hold what anciently we clame
Of deity or empire; such a foe
Is rising, who intends to' erect his throne
Equal to ours, throughout the spacious North;
Nor so content, hath in his thought to try
In battel, what our power is, or our right.
Let us advise, and to this hazard draw
With speed what force is left, and all employ
In our defense, lest unawares we lose
This our high place, our sanctuary, our hill.
  To whom the Son with calm aspect and clear,
Lightning divine, ineffable, serene,
Made answer. Mighty Father, thou thy foes
Justly hast in derision, and secure
Laugh'st at their vain designs and tumults vain,
Matter to me of glory, whom their hate
Illustrates, when they see all regal power

Giv'n me to quell their pride, and in event
Know whether I be dextrous to fubdue
Thy rebels, or be found the worft in Heav'n.
So fpake the Son; but Satan with his powers
Far was advanc'd on winged fpeed, an hoft
Innumerable as the ftars of night,
Or ftars of morning, dew-drops, which the fun
Impearls on every leaf and every flower.
Regions they pafs'd, the mighty regencies
Of Seraphim and Potentates and Thrones
In their triple degrees; regions to which
All thy dominion, Adam, is no more
Than what this garden is to all the earth,
And all the fea, from one entire globofe
Stretch'd into longitude; which having pafs'd,
At length into the limits of the North
They came, and Satan to his royal feat
High on a hill, far blazing, as a mount
Rais'd on a mount, with pyramids and towers
From diamond quarries hewn, and rocks of gold;
The palace of great Lucifer, (fo call
That ftructure in the dialect of men
Interpreted) which not long after, he
Affecting all equality with God,
In imitation of that mount whereon
Meffiah was declar'd in fight of Heav'n,
The Mountain of the Congregation call'd;
For thither he affembled all his train,
Pretending fo commanded, to confult

About the great reception of their King,
Thither to come, and with calumnious art
Of counterfeited truth thus held their ears.
  Thrones, Dominations, Princedoms, Virtues, Pow-
If theſe magnific titles yet remain [ers,
Not merely titular, ſince by decree
Another now hath to himſelf ingroſs'd
All power, and us eclips'd, under the name
Of King Anointed, for whom all this haſte
Of midnight march, and hurried meeting here,
This only to conſult how we may beſt
With what may be deviſ'd of honors new
Receive him coming to receive from us
Knee-tribute yet unpaid, proſtration vile,
Too much to one, but double how endur'd
To one and to his image now proclam'd?
But what if better counſels might erect
Our minds, and teach us to caſt off this yoke?
Will ye ſubmit your necks, and chuſe to bend
The ſupple knee? ye will not, if I truſt
To know ye right, or if ye know yourſelves
Natives and ſons of Heav'n poſſeſs'd before
By none, and if not equal all, yet free,
Equally free; for orders and degrees
Jar not with liberty, but well conſiſt.
Who can in reaſon then or right aſſume
Monarchy over ſuch as live by right
His equals, if in power and ſplendor leſs,
In freedom equal? or can introduce

Law and edict on us, who without law
Err not? much less for this to be our Lord,
And look for adoration to th' abuse
Of those imperial titles, which assert
Our being ordain'd to govern, not to serve.
   Thus far his bold discourse without control
Had audience, when among the seraphim
Abdiel, than whom none with more zeal ador'd
The Deity', and divine commands obey'd,
Stood up, and in a flame of zeal severe
The current of his fury thus oppos'd.
   O argument blasphemous, false and proud!
Words which no ear ever to hear in Heav'n
Expected, least of all from thee, Ingrate,
In place thyself so high above thy peers.
Canst thou with impious obloquy condemn
The just decree of God, pronounc'd and sworn,
That to his only Son by right indued
With regal scepter, every soul in Heav'n
Shall bend the knee, and in that honor due
Confess him rightful King? Unjust, thou say'st,
Flatly unjust, to bind with laws the free,
And equal over equals to let reign,
One over all with unsucceeded power.
Shalt thou give law to God, shalt thou dispute
With him the points of liberty, who made
Thee what thou art, and form'd the powers of Heav'n
Such as he pleas'd, and circumscrib'd their being?
Yet by experience taught we know how good,

And of our good and of our dignity
How provident he is, how far from thought
To make us leſs, bent rather to exalt
Our happy ſtate under one head more near
United. But to grant it thee unjuſt,
That equal over equals monarch reign:
Thyſelf though great and glorious doſt thou count,
Or all angelic nature join'd in one,
Equal to him begotten Son? by whom
As by his Word the mighty Father made
All things, ev'n thee; and all the ſpi'rits of Heav'n
By him created in their bright degrees,
Crown'd them with glory', and to their glory nam'd
Thrones, dominations, princedoms, virtues, powers,
Eſſential powers; nor by his reign obſcur'd,
But more illuſtrious made; ſince he the head
One of our number thus reduc'd becomes;
His laws our laws; all honor to him done
Returns our own. Ceaſe then this impious rage,
And tempt not theſe; but haſten to appeaſe
Th' incenſed Father, and th' incenſed Son,
While pardon may be found in time beſought.
So ſpake the fervent angel; but his zeal
None ſeconded, as out of ſeaſon judg'd,
Or ſingular and raſh, whereat rejoic'd
Th' Apoſtate, and more haughty thus reply'd.
That we were form'd then ſay'ſt thou? and the work
Of ſecondary hands, by taſk transferr'd
From Father to his Son? ſtrange point and new!

Doctrin which we would know whence learn'd: who ſaw
When this creation was? remember'ſt thou
Thy making, while the Maker gave thee being?
We know no time when we were not as now;
Know none before us, ſelf-begot, ſelf-rais'd
By our own quick'ning power, when fatal Courſe
Had circled his full orb, the birth mature
Of this our native Heav'n, ethereal ſons.
Our puiſſance is our own; our own right hand
Shall teach us higheſt deeds, by proof to try
Who is our equal: then thou ſhalt behold
Whether by ſupplication we intend
Addreſs, and to begirt th' almighty throne
Beſeeching or beſieging. This report,
Theſe tidings carry to th' anointed King;
And fly, ere evil intercept thy flight.
 He ſaid, and as the ſound of waters deep
Hoarſe Murmur echo'd to his words applauſe
Through the infinite hoſt; nor leſs for that
The flaming ſeraph fearleſs, though alone
Incompaſs'd round with foes, thus anſwer'd bold.
 O Alienate from God, O Spi'rit accurs'd,
orſaken of all good; I ſee thy fall
etermin'd, and thy hapleſs crew involv'd
n this perfidious fraud, contagion ſpread
oth of thy crime and puniſhment: henceforth
o more be troubled how to quit the yoke
f God's Meſſiah; thoſe indulgent laws
ill not be now vouchſaf'd; other decrees

Against thee are gone forth without recal;
That golden scepter, which thou didst reject,
Is now an iron rod to bruise and break
Thy disobedience. Well thou didst advise,
Yet not for thy advice or threats I fly
These wicked tents devoted, lest the wrath
Impendent, raging into sudden flame
Distinguish not: for soon expect to feel
His thunder on thy head, devouring fire.
Then who created thee lamenting learn,
When who can uncreate thee thou shalt know.
So spake the seraph Abdiel faithful found
Among the faithless, faithful only he;
Among innumerable false, unmov'd,
Unshaken, unseduc'd, unterrify'd
His loyalty he kept, his love, his zeal;
Nor number nor example with him wrought
To swerve from truth, or change his constant mind
Though single. From amidst them forth he pass'd,
Long way through hostile scorn, which he sustain'd
Superior, nor of violence fear'd ought;
And with retorted scorn his back he turn'd
On those proud towers to swift destruction doom'd.

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END OF VOLUME FIRST.